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FABLES

AND

SATIRES,

WITH

A PREFACE ON THE ESOPEAN FABLE.

BY

SIR BROOKE BOOTHBY, BART.

VOLUME II.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by George Ramsay and Company,
FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH; AND
CONSTABLE, HUNTER, PARK, AND HUNTER,
LONDON.

1809.

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NEW YORK

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ERRATA.

VOL. II.

Page 21. The Woodman and the Fox—line 2, for *when* read *which*; line 11. for *cried* read *cries*.

—— 38. The Sot and his Wife—line 17, for *Trap* read *imp*.

—— 75. The Reed and the Oak—line 30, for *dress* read *spread*.

—— 79. The Married Man—line 29, for *chafe* read *chafed*; for *worry* read *worried*; line 30, for *am* read *was*.

—— 79. The Milkmaid—line 11, for *more* read *these*.

—— 82. The Rats in Council—line 18, for *legged* read *leg'd*; l. 23, for *was then* read *then was*.

—— 97. The Bee and the Gardener—line 4, for *the price* read *your prize*.

—— 123. The Horse and his Rider—line 13, for *pack* read *hack*.

—— 129. Genius and Labour—line 11, for *thought* read *thoughts*.

—— 165. Jupiter and the Female Sex—line 58, for *their* read *her*.

FABLES

FROM THE

GREEK AND LATIN.

CONTINUED.

FABLE I.

THE MAN AND THE SERPENT.

WRONGS from the heart effac'd may be,
But never from the memory.

A Rustic who a Snake had bred,
Once threw a hatchet at her head;
And the poor reptile, wounded sore,
Crawl'd faint and bleeding out of door.
The man, repenting of his fault,
Him to come back again besought.
" No," says the Serpent; " I forgive,
But with you will no longer live.
'Twere folly confidence to have
In him, who is his passion's slave."

FABLE II.

THE SHEPHERD TURNED MERCHANT.

FAIR-WEATHER sailors, keep at home,
For be assur'd the storm will come.

A Shepherd of an inland breed
Brought to the coast his flock to feed;
The beauty of a summer sea,
A merchant tempted him to be.
He sold his sheep, and with the sale
Purchas'd of dates an ample bale.
He sail'd; a furious tempest rose;
Into the sea his dates he throws;
And swimming from the bark to land,
Arrives half dead upon the strand.
To one, soon afterwards who stood
Pleas'd with the calmness of the flood,
" Aye, aye," the simple Shepherd said,
" With dates again it would be fed."

FABLE III.

THE HORSE AND THE ASS.

He on the ground who rests his head,
Sleeps of no precipice in dread.

An Ass with envying eye survey'd
A Courser in his war-parade,
Curvetting to the trumpet's sound,
With steps that scarcely touch'd the ground.
The squadrons join, the battle burns,
Stript, wounded, lame, the Horse returns.
The Ass then grateful felt, that Heav'n
To him a humbler lot had giv'n.

FABLE IV.

THE EAGLE AND THE LOCUST.

The haughty wrongs of powerful pride
Extremes of vengeance must abide.

A Rabbit by an Eagle prest,
Took refuge in a Locust's nest,
Who offer'd up an earnest prayer,
The helpless creature he would spare.
The Eagle no attention paid,
A meal upon the Rabbit made.
Her nest the angry Locust found,
And cast the eggs upon the ground.
Next year a new abode she chose,
(Jove's fane) her aerie to dispose.
The Locust, still on vengeance bent,
Up to the lofty summit went;
And working with unwearied pain,
Threw down her annual hopes again.
To Jove his thunder-bearer flies,
Upbraiding him with piteous cries,
" That not his temples are respected,
Nor his devoted things protected."
Jove to his fav'rite Bird replied:
" Such is the price of scornful pride.
All I can do is from this day,
To doom that you your eggs shall lay,
When hid from the inclement skies,
Your enemy in torpor lies."

FABLE V.

THE SPENDTHRIFT AND THE SWALLOW

A Fool who all had thrown away,
When wandering pennyless one day,
Perceiv'd a Swallow. "Ho," says he,
"Summer is come at last I see!"
And to a Jew his mantle sold.
Next day it was severely cold:
Starv'd as he walk'd, the Bird he found
Frozen to death upon the ground.
"Ah what a fool I was," he cried,
"When on one Swallow I relied!"

Those who too readily believe,
For their credulity may grieve.

FABLE VI.

THE LION, THE BULL, AND THE GOAT.

CURS'D is the wretch who has the will
Without the power to do ill.

As once a Bull from Leo fled,
A Goat oppos'd his horny head.
" Out of my way, poor idiot," cries
The Bull, " if you your safety prize."
The stupid animal stood fast,
And the Bull toss'd him as he past.

FABLE VII.

THE APE AND HER YOUNG ONES.

BLIND mothers think their homely race
Models of elegance and grace.

Jove had a fancy once to see
Who brought the fairest progeny,

And order'd Mercury to send,
And bid the animals attend.
When many fair and foul had past,
An Ape upon her back at last
Two Cubs produc'd, so grim and odd,
A fit of laughter seiz'd the God.
" See," cries the Ape, " my pretty dears,
Jove's favouring smile for you declares ;
You who the rest so much excel,
I knew must bear away the bell."

FABLE VIII.

THE EAGLE AND THE CROW.

THE wise well know their force to weigh,
Nor what they cannot do, essay.

A Carrion Crow an Eagle saw
Seize on a lamb with beak and claw.
Conceiving he could better do,
He pounces on a well fed ewe;
But he and not the sheep was caught;
For when to fly with it he sought,

His feet entangled in the wool,
The shepherd seiz'd the helpless fool.

FABLE IX.

THE HEAD AND THE TAIL.

THAT land accurs'd what ills betide,
Where the vile populace preside!

A Serpent's Tail address'd the Head:
"Too long I've follow'd you," it said,
"'Tis now my turn to take the lead."
"'Tis well," replied the Head, "proceed!"
The Tail, unus'd, went wrong and slow,
And blind and deaf, got many a blow;
Nor did the Head much better fare,
Condemn'd its leader's ills to share.

FABLE X.

THE MAN AND THE SNAKE.

A COUNTRYMAN had found a Snake,
And snatching up a pond'rous stake,
" Creature," he cries, " whom all detest,
I'll rid the fields of such a pest,
Who not content one ill to do,
Like Slander, wounds, and poisons too.
I would extirpate all thy brood,
Vile emblem of ingratitude!"
" Halt," says the Snake, " if that be all,
The sentence on yourself may fall.
Ask any beast that passes by,
Which most ungrateful, you or I?
If in your favour they decide,
My fate I willingly abide;
But if against you all decree,
In justice you should set me free."
The Man consents; a cow stood near:
" Speak," says the Man, " the case you hear."
" No one," replies the Cow, " so well
Of man's ingratitude can tell:
Ten years he on my milk has fed;
Ten fatted calves for him I've bred;

And to reward me for my pains,
To starve he turns me in the lanes."
A passing Ox they question then,
Which most ungrateful, Snakes or Men?
" With Snakes I little have to do;
But Man's ingratitude I know,"
Replies the Ox, " our strength we use,
His ample harvests to produce;
And then he ties us to a stall,
Doom'd by his butcher's knife to fall."
A reverend Tree they next address'd,
Who gave it clearly for the beast.
" We find you flowers and fruits and shade,"
He says, " and how are we repaid?
Cut down and cast into the fire."
The Ploughman could not hold his ire:
" You're liars all," he furious said,
And knock'd his rival o' the head.

The great and powerful think mankind,
As well as beasts, for them design'd.
How can such men compassion feel,
Or justly with inferiors deal?

FABLE XI.

THE ASS AND THE FARMER.

READ this, ye imitating crew,
Who try, what you're least fit to do.

A stupid Ass, that every day
Saw a light spaniel skip and play
About their master, thought that she
Might the same way a favourite be.
Resolv'd the experiment to try,
Braying and frisking, she draws nigh,
And such strange leaps and gambols makes,
The Master's chair with laughter shakes.
She now believes success complete;
And rising on her hinder feet
As she had seen the dog, began
To jump and paw upon the Man:
Who, wounded, set up such a roar
As brought the servants out o' door;
And blows, with various weapons plied,
Were shower'd upon poor Long-ears' hide.

FABLE XII.

THE WOLF AND THE SHEPHERD'S BOY.

In wantonness a Shepherd's boy
Alarm'd the neighbours with his cry;
"The Wolf! the Wolf!" And when they came,
Of their lost labour made his game.
At last the Wolf when there indeed,
His real cries they did not heed;
He and his flock a prey were made,
And for his lies he dearly paid.

Those who are known to have deceiv'd,
When they speak truth, are not believ'd.

FABLE XIII.

THE THIEF AND THE PAUPER.

He to whom fortune nothing gives,
Free from the dread of robbers lives.

A Pauper as he lay in bed,
O'erhearing some one in his shed
Groping and searching all about,
Something of value to take out,
Cries, " what by day I ne'er could see,
To find by night you'll lucky be !"

FABLE XIV.

THE HARE AND HER EARS.

THE Tyrant of the woods decreed,
Because a bull had made him bleed,
That every thing of horned race,
On pain of death should quit the place.
Observing of her Ears the shade,
A Hare determines to evade ;
To those her caution who deride,
The prudent animal replied :
" When tyrants rule, let those beware
Who to his foes resemblance bear ;
Judges and spies, their court to make,
My Ears for horns may well mistake."

FABLE XV.

THE FOX WITHOUT A TAIL.

FASHIONS and modes we often see,
Made to conceal deformity:
Those to whom nature has been kind,
Should leave such fopperies behind.

A Fox who in a trap was taken,
Resign'd his brush to save his bacon.
Asham'd that all the world should know
His cunning had been cheated so,
To an assembly of the nation
He made the following oration:
"I oft have thought the Tails we wear
A troublesome appendage are;
Where's their utility, I pray?
They serve but to obstruct our way.
Nor ornamental do I find,
To drag this ponderous length behind.
For my part, without more debate,
I move our Tails we amputate."—
"Please, Sir, to show yourself behind,"
(Says one to smoke the jest inclin'd,
And who discover'd what it was)
"We there perhaps shall see the cause,

Ere we your prudent counsel take,
Why you this curious motion make?"
His bare posteriors when they found,
Loud laughter shook the benches round;
Nor could the Fox without a tail
To introduce the mode prevail.

FABLE XVI.

THE MEN AND THE OYSTER.

ANY partition better make,
Than *all* the hungry law should take.

By the sea side two Travellers found
A fine large Oyster on the ground;
His claim each obstinately lays:
"I saw it first," one eager says;
"I pickt it up," the other cries;
"Mine"—"Mine is certainly the prize."
They talk'd, as usual, loud and long;
And more they reason'd, more were wrong;
Till they a neighbouring Lawyer see
Passing, and mutually agree
To take him for their referee.

With legal dignity of face,
He heard them both relate the case;
" Your claims are good," then gravely said,
" And a brave law-suit would have made.
Which to prefer I cannot tell,
So each of you must take a shell;
And, as the Oyster is but one,
That I myself will swallow down;
To stink it otherwise had lain,
And many a pound been spent in vain;
You're cheaply off; go home content;
And faith the fish was excellent."

FABLE XVII.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS DOG.

A Dog his Master so deceiv'd,
He was the best of Curs believ'd.
The flock was trusted to his care,
Whene'er the Shepherd was not there.
And in the house, a favour'd guest,
He always fed upon the best.

The treacherous guard his charge betray'd,
And on the sheep in secret prey'd.
The Master, when the crime was prov'd,
With double indignation mov'd,
About his neck the halter tied
Himself: the Dog for mercy cried;
" You let the Wolf escape," he said,
" Who much more slaughter oft has made."
" Wretch," says the Man, " the Wolf declares
Hostility, and boldly dares;
He has no confidence abus'd:
But, coward, thou my trust hast us'd
Against myself! and on this tree
Without delay shalt hanged be."

FABLE XVIII.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

TALENTS alone will never do:
There must be sense and conduct too.

A Hare, the nimblest of her race,
Sneer'd at a Tortoise's slow pace.

" Coxcomb," the wily Tortoise said,
" Such is thy giddy brainless head,
Were I a race with thee to run,
I should consider it as won."
" Ho, ho," says Puss, " since such your skill,
We'll make the trial when you will."
The bargain made and sign'd, the crowd
At the grave Tortoise shouted loud.
He started, and the Hare repos'd;
Feigning to sleep, her eyes she clos'd,
In mockery of the Tortoise' speed;
At last she fell asleep indeed;
Dreaming of triumphs while she lay,
Old Steady had pursu'd his way.
When he the winning-post drew nigh,
The mob set up a louder cry,
Which wak'd the Hare, in time to see
The Tortoise crown'd with victory;
Oblig'd to pocket the disgrace,
That Slow-and-sure had won the race.

FABLE XIX.

THE WOODMAN AND THE FOX.

KNAVES will in words a contract make,
When they in facts design to break.

A hunted Fox, to save his head,
Begg'd shelter in a Woodman's shed.
The Man agreed. The hunters came,
And ask'd if he had seen their game:
"No," he replied; but signals made
Which might the secret have betray'd,
Had not the huntsmen hurried on.
The Fox mov'd off when they were gone.
The Woodman cried, "ungrateful beast,
Thy thanks I merited at least!"
Says Reynard, "I had grateful been,
If I your motions had not seen."

FABLE XX.

THE BEE, THE ANT, AND THE SPIDER.

An Emmet and a Bee disputed,
Which should the wealthier be reputed;
"My warehouses of wax and honey,"
Says Bee, "are worth large sums of money."
"The grain," says Ant, "I have in store,
Than all your sweets I value more."
Dispute but makes the breach more wide;
A Spider must the cause decide.
Before her web they both appear:
"Come," says Arachne, "let us hear;
But first 'tis fitting you should know
Upon what premises I go;
It is not those I richest hold,
Whose stores are worth the most in gold;
But those their wants who satisfy,
And can to others most supply."
"If this be so," replied the Bee,
"Already you've decreed for me;
Sweetness and light my combs afford;
The Ant gives nothing from her hoard."

FABLE XXI.

THE HORSE AND THE ASS.

In the uncertain state we live,
Still mutual succour let us give;
To-day you help my want and sorrow,
Your's I will mitigate to-morrow.

An Ass mov'd humbly by the side
Of a fine War-horse, swoln with pride.
The overburthen'd creature pray'd
The Horse to grant a little aid:
"Take of my load a little share;
You'd hardly know that it was there."
The Horse contemptuously denied;
And the poor Ass dropt down and died.
Her load was on the Courser thrown,
Oblig'd to bear, above his own,
All the Ass carried, and beside
The wretch's dirty bleeding hide.

FABLE XXII.

THE CUNNING MAN.

A CUNNING Man once fortunes told;
While castles in the air he sold,
One of his friends came running on,
To tell him all his goods were gone.
The Conjuror goes home in haste,
And finds his house an empty waste;
Whilst he laments, says one, "you see,
Good folks, what idiots you must be,
To think your fortunes can be known
To him, who can't foresee his own!"

This to teach meddlers is design'd,
Themselves, not other men to mind.

FABLE XXIII.

THE FOX AND THE APE.

An Ape, to hide his naked breech,
Reynard once humbly did beseech,
Of his exuberance of hair,
A little portion he would spare.
The prayer was laught at; but soon after
The Ape occasion had for laughter;
By his vast brush the Fox lay caught:
"Now," says the Ape, "we both are taught;
You not to value what you priz'd;
Nor I contemn what I despis'd:
Tho' late you thought your rump so fine,
You now perhaps may envy mine."

FABLE XXIV.

THE APPLE-TREE.

Of many things the worth and grace
Depend on circumstance and place.

What here is suitable and fair,
Is awkward and offensive there.

A man an Apple-Tree had rais'd;
The fruit of it so much was prais'd,
He sent it, annual, from his hoard,
An humble offering to his Lord,
Who seeing it by all admir'd,
At last to have the tree desir'd.
This too immediately was granted,
And the poor Apple-Tree transplanted.
Too old to move, it sapless grew;
And the crude fruit, of sickly hue,
That late and sparingly it bore,
The grateful flavour had no more.

FABLE XXV.

THE COUNTRYMAN AND THE JUSTICE.

The law still lends her readiest aid,
When well her ministers are paid.

A Countryman, by power oppress'd,
Seeking to have his wrongs redress'd,

Oft to the Justice went in vain;
Admittance he could ne'er obtain,
But still was bid again to come;
—"Unwell"—"engag'd"—or "not at home!"
The wily rustic took a kid
One day, and in a basket hid;
And when he to the house drew near,
Began to pinch him by the ear,
So that the Porter, from his hall,
Might hear the little fatling squall;
The man his master's mind who knew,
Open'd the door and let him thro'.
The Shepherd, laughing as he past,
Says to his kid, "Thy cries at last
An audience for my wrongs obtain;
Thy flesh, perhaps, redress will gain."

FABLE XXVI.

THE FLY.

A Fly, upon a chariot pole,
Sees sandy clouds about him roll;
And, puft with self-importance, cries,
"The dust I raise obscures the skies!"

FABLE XXVII.

THE GNAT AND THE OX.

CRIES to an Ox a little Gnat,
As perch'd upon his horn she sat,
" My weight fatigues you, Sir, I fear ;"
Says Ox, " I knew not thou wert there."

FABLE XXVIII.

THE BIRD AND THE ARROW.

THE feather'd arrow in her side,
A Bird in plaintive accent cried,
" How sad it is the means to lend,
That brings us to a timeless end !"

FABLE XXIX.

THE EAGLE AND THE SERPENT.

An Eagle, on the wing for prey,
Observed a Snake that sleeping lay,
And seiz'd him in her claws; the Snake
Us'd his last force revenge to take.
Dying, he writh'd his body round,
And gave his foe a mortal wound.

Tyrants will oft their ruin find
In ills for others they design'd.

FABLE XXX.

THE COCK AND THE FOX.

The world applauds the lucky hit,
When it beholds the biter bit.

A treach'rous Fox invited down
A Cock, who on a tree had flown.

"Do you not know, my friend," says he,
"Bird, Beast, Fish, Reptile, Man agree,
To live henceforth in amity?
Come down and celebrate the day."
"Troth," quoth the Cock, "you truly say;
For hounds I see come o'er the dell,
With open mouths, the news to tell."
"Adieu," says Ren, "'tis best to go;
Those Dogs the treaty may not know."

FABLE XXXI.

THE STORKS AND THE GEESE.

THE least to carry off who have,
Themselves from danger readiest save.

Some Storks and Geese a farmer found
Marauding on his new-sown ground;
The lean Storks flying straight away,
Left the fat Geese the score to pay.

FABLE XXXII.

THE FOX AND THE LION.

EN will become, by habit led,
iliar with what most they dread.

Fox who had no Lions seen,
one of a tremendous mien,
trembling fled. Another day
ting again upon the way,
look'd him in the face: At last
le him a rev'rence as he past;
osted him; and ventur'd near,
f there nothing was to fear.

FABLE XXXIII.

THE BLIND MAN AND THE LAME.

WHO kind assistance give and take,
e's arduous journey best will make.

Two Men, one blind, the other lame,
To pass a ford together came.
The stream was rapid, and the way
Obliquely thwart the current lay;
To his companion says the Blind,
" Yon winding road I ne'er shall find."
" Nor my poor limbs," the Lame replied,
" The current's rapid force abide."
" Come," says the Blind, " my loins are strong,
I'll bear you on my back along,
While you to guide me give the word;"
And thus they safely cross'd the ford.

FABLE XXXIV.

THE CAT AND THE FOX.

One solid quality avails
In time of need, when cunning fails.

Reynard one day a Wild-cat met:
" My friend," says he, " 'tis with regret
I learn a pack of hounds are come;
Take my advice, and stay at home."

—" And you, my neighbour ?"—" O, for me,
I run no risk ; it will not be
An easy matter to surprise
My wily arts." The hunter's cries
Assail their ears, while yet he spoke.
The Cat climbs up a lofty oak ;
While Reynard, of his arts in spite,
Had nothing left but dangerous flight.

FABLE XXXV.

THE MAN AND THE SERPENT.

THERE's in the world a cursed race,
Of nature so perverse and base,
If from the gallows you should save,
A dangerous enemy you have.

A Countryman a Serpent found,
Stiffen'd with frost upon the ground,
And took her home ; but when the fire
Began new vigour to inspire,
Swelling her neck, with angry eyes,
She fills the cot with hissing cries.

The Rustic, taking up a stake,
" Is this then the return you make ?
Is this your gratitude ?" he said,
And knock'd the Reptile on the head.

FABLE XXXVI.

THE CASTLE AND THE COTTAGE.

UNBROKEN rest men only find,
With temperance and a tranquil mind.

A Gnat into a Cottage went,
Where Peace and Labour slept content;
And on a Ploughman's snoring nose,
Took both subsistence and repose.
Next night she to a Castle fled;
Where, buzzing round a velvet bed,
Still when her station she would take,
She found the lodger wide awake.
" These stately Palaces, I see,"
She said, " are no resort for me;
Mine be the sleepers deep and sound,
Whom neither cares nor conscience wound."

FABLE XXXVII.

THE BOY AND THE CHERRIES.

A RUDE ungovernable Child,
The mother's tenderness had spoil'd,
Seeing a jar of Cherries stand,
Thrust in the neck his greedy hand;
But overfilling it, in vain
Strove what he wanted to obtain.
Oblig'd his fingers to let loose,
Stain'd with unprofitable juice,
He found, when he had drawn them out,
He much had grasp'd, but nothing got.

This tale the ancient saw explains:
"Who covets all, will lose his pains."

FABLE XXXVIII.

THE WOLF AND THE SHEPHERDS.

THE powerful too oft abuse
Rights, which to others they refuse.

A prowling Wolf one evening put
His muzzle in a Shepherd's hut;
And there at table saw them seated,
To a young lamb's fat quarter treated.
"Aye, aye, 'tis very well," said he;
"Did you at such a feast find me,
The country up in arms would be."

FABLE XXXIX.

THE TWO STREAMS.

THOSE who display much dash and din,
Have seldom any thing within.

A weary Traveller one day
Cross'd on a River in his way;
Alarm'd to see the foaming tide
Dashing o'er rocks from side to side,
Compell'd howe'er his course to keep,
He ventur'd in with trembling step;
And found the water neither deep,
Nor footing bad; and got well o'er.
When he had travell'd some leagues more,
He to another River came,
That smoothly flow'd, a silent stream;
This he thought easily to pass;
But, ere he in the middle was,
He plung'd into a gulph profound,
And for his feet no bottom found;
But, forc'd to swim with all his might,
Got to the shore in piteous plight.

FABLE XL.

THE SOT AND HIS WIFE.

INVETERATE vice is seldom cur'd.

A Wife had long a Sot endur'd,
Who all his time in taverns spent,
While his affairs to ruin went.
Once as insensible he lay,
She dress'd him in a corpse' array;
And with the assistance of her maid,
Into a burying-vault convey'd.
The fumes dispers'd, the Man awakes;
All for reality he takes.
When by the glimmering of a lamp
He saw his mansion, drear and damp,
Reflecting how his life had past,
A forc'd repentance came at last.
The Wife, with suited voice and dress,
Presented an infernal mess:
" Good Trap, pray take away your meat;
I have no appetite to eat,"
He cried, " but faith I'm devilish dry;
Can't you a bowl of wine supply?"
The Woman, seeing all was vain,
Restor'd him to his casks again;

Consol'd with certainty, that he
Ere long a real corpse must be.

FABLE XLI.

THE FARMER AND HIS QUARRELSOME SONS.

THREE Sons an honest Farmer had;
And it so happen'd, ne'er a lad
Could with the other two agree;
All quarrelling perpetually.
Their time in idle contest spent,
Garden and farm to ruin went;
And the good Farmer and his wife
Led but a miserable life.
One day as this unhappy Sire
Sat musing by his evening fire,
He saw some twigs in bundles stand,
Tied for the basket-maker's hand.
Taking up one: "My Boys," says he,
"Which is the strongest, let me see;
He who this bundle breaks in twain,
The preference, and this prize shall gain,"

(Showing a pair of Sunday shoes.)
The rivals every effort use
In vain. Their utmost force when tried,
The father took the twigs untied,
And giving to them one by one,
The work immediately was done.
" Yon twigs," he says, " that broken lie,
This useful lesson may supply :
That those in amity who live,
And succour to each other give,
Double their forces to resist
Oppression, and their work assist."

FABLE XLII.

THE ASS, THE APE, AND THE MOLE.

They who their sorrows most bemoan,
May find worse miseries than their own.

An Ass his want of horns bewails ;
An Ape that Apes are short of tails ;
" What would you say," a Mole replies,
" Were you, like me, depriv'd of eyes?"

FABLE XLIII.

THE FOX AND THE HEDGEHOG.

A WOUNDED Fox disabled lay;
To drive tormenting flies away
A Hedgehog offer'd him his aid:
"No, Sir, I thank you," Reynard said;
"Already I have borne the ill;
These of my blood have suck'd their fill;
And should we now these robbers chase,
A hungry swarm would take their place."

FABLE XLIV.

THE LION, THE FOX, AND THE ASS.

LEO to hunt took out one day
A Fox and Ass; A Stag their prey,
The Ass the butcher was to be;
Ordered to cut it into three,

The simple beast us'd all his art,
To leave for each an equal part.
" Ho!" cries the King, in fierce derision,
" This is indeed a fine division!
Dar'st thou insult me to my face?"
This said, he slew him on the place;
And turning to the Fox, " now show,
My friend," he says, " what thou canst do."
Ren in one heap plac'd almost all;
The other was extremely small.
" The first is for your Majesty,
The rest is quite enough for me."
The hungry Tyrant smiling said,
" Where learnt you to be so well bred?"
" From him," th' obsequious Fox replied,
" Who lies there by your royal side."

Where power over right prevails,
Justice must lay aside her scales.

FABLE XLV.

THE FISHES.

THREE Fishes in a lake abode,
Thro' which a little rivulet flow'd.
One of them wise and provident;
Another rash, but could invent;
And one devoid of all intent.
Once, as beside the brink they fed,
They overheard a man, who said,
" Some carp I lately here have seen,
Well-grown, and of a goodly mien;
We shall do well the lake to fish;
Certain to catch a handsome dish."
The provident, ere break of day,
Had thro' the current made her way.
The fishers come; their nets they spread;
The wily, feigning to be dead,
Upon the water floating lies,
With belly upwards to the skies;
And on the rivulet's margin thrown,
Leap'd in, and in a trice was gone.
The foolish one did all he could;
Now darted downwards in the mud;
Now to the surface rose again;

Struggling, entangled, he was ta'en;
First serv'd a dainty on the table,
And now this moral for a fable:

That he who nothing can foresee,
The sport of circumstance must be.

FABLE XLVI.

THE EAGLE AND THE OWL.

To childrens faults their parents blind,
Think them the fairest of their kind;
The little fools in flattery breed,
To all their follies to succeed.

Resolv'd their enmities should cease,
The Eagle and the Owl made peace:
And from their amity renew'd,
Each should respect the other's brood.
Says Mouser to the Royal Fowl,
"How will you tell my callow Owl?"
"This," she replies, "that I may know,
"Their form and figure prithee show."

" If that be all," says Wisdom's Bird,
" I will describe him in a word.
Of nicest shape and fairest feature,
It is a charming little creature;
And its sweet voice, so loud and clear,
With pleasure you will surely hear."
" 'Tis well," the feather'd King replied;
" All apprehension lay aside."
Next spring the Owl was duly match'd,
And laid, and set her eggs, and hatch'd.
One day the Eagle, sailing by,
Perceiv'd some little monsters lie
Upon a ruin'd abbey's wall,
Keeping a harsh discordant squall.
" These I may safely eat," says she;
" They never can young Owlets be."
The Owl, returning, nothing found,
But bones and feathers on the ground.
She fills the air with piteous cries,
And calls on Pallas in the skies.
Says the Eagle, " cease to weary Heav'n:
The partial picture thou hast given,
Has brought this misery on thy head.
Your nestling brood was fair, you said;
With croaking voice and rueful mien,
Such frightful things were never seen.
Your offspring had been still alive,
And, hideous as they were, might thrive,

Had your description been more true,
And I not been misled by you."

FABLE XLVII.

THE FOOL WHO SOLD WISDOM.

A Fool sold sense by public cry,
And greater idiots came to buy.
To those the sum requir'd who bring,
He shews at first two yards of string;
And who for something more drew near,
Receiv'd a box upon the ear.
Profoundly then the mob reflected;
—" What from a Fool could be expected?"
Says one, with more discernment fraught;
" He's not so mad as may be thought;
The string this caution is to teach—
From a Fool's hand keep out of reach;
And then the blow he gives, to shew
The maxim practically true;
If you attend to the advice,
The lesson's fairly worth the price."

FABLE XLVIII.

THE EAGLE AND THE SNAIL.

An Eagle, thro' the air on sail,
On a high rock descried a Snail:
"How cam'st thou on this lofty steep?"
He said,—"Sir," says the Snail, "I creep."

How many a reptile do we see
Crawl, where he ne'er was made to be!

FABLE XLIX.

THE DANCING DOGS.

An artist had brought Dogs from France,
Where they so well had learnt to dance
In *entrèchas* and rigadoon,
They drew together half the town.
John Bull, indignant at the sight,
Went to the gallery one night,

And in his pocket took a bone,
Which, aptly 'midst the dancers thrown,
Maugre the tambour, fife, and fiddle,
Broke off the *ballet* in the middle;
And all, in battle-royal, tore
The fine habiliments they wore.

Tho' puppies learn to play a part,
Dogs will be dogs, in spite of art.

FABLE L.

THE BOY AND THE GOLDFINCH.

"LET me, my pretty Bird, but know
Why from your gilded cage you go?"
A Stripling to his Goldfinch said,
Who to a neighb'ring grove had fled:
"To give you all that you could ask,
Has ever been my pleasing task."
"'Tis true," replies the Bird, "less good
Will be my lodging and my food;
But nothing will my wings confine,
And native liberty be mine."

FABLE LI.

THE DIAMOND AND THE PEBBLE.

A MAN a Diamond once possest,
Worthy to deck a regal breast;
A jewel of the purest ray,
Refracting every tint of day.
With sickly and fastidious pride
He cast the precious gem aside,
Preferring one of vulgar stone,
Fair to no eyes except his own.
The prejudice so potent grew,
He thought the false one was the true.
A fiery ordeal was ordain'd;
The Adamant the proof sustain'd,
And with unsullied lustre shone;
The Pebble was calcin'd and gone.

Virtue by trial brighter grows,
And casts the shame upon her foes.

FABLE LII.

THE PIKE AND THE HERRING.

A PIKE, of ancient pedigree,
Came from his rivulet to the sea;
And with no title to be vain,
Treated the Sea-fish with disdain.
A Herring then indignant said,
"What folly has thee hither led?
Thou might'st be something in thy stream,
But here thou'lt meet with no esteem."

Good Landlords, in your counties known,
There rest; ye're of no note in town.

FABLE LIII.

THE UNGRATEFUL SON.

HE who a parent dares neglect,
A vicious offspring must expect.

A wretched Father, helpless grown,
Abandon'd by his graceless Son,
Went to the hospital to die;
Seeing the ingrate passing by,
He begg'd, in miserable strain,
A pair of sheets he might obtain.
The son consenting, homeward went,
And with the sheets the Grandson sent.
Next meeting, the old man complain'd
That but one sheet he had obtain'd.
The thankless Son, a tyrant Sire,
Calls for his boy, inflam'd with ire,
—" How, rascal! did you not receive
Two sheets, your Grandfather to give?"
" Yes," says the Lad, " but one I keep,
'Gainst you shall in the work-house sleep."

FABLE LIV.

THE FIG-TREE AND THE FLOWERING SHRUB.

Flowers which many leaves display,
In fruitless beauty fade away.
Cries one of these, with saucy sneer,
To a plain Fig-tree growing near,

" How comes it, honest friend, that thou
Dost in the spring no blossoms show?"
Says he, " I keep them out of view,
For fear I should resemble you,
And in the autumn nought produce
Of permanent and solid use."

Who soon and much essay to shine,
May dread a premature decline.

FABLE LV.

THE FARMER AND THE LANDLORD.

A FARMER of an honest fame,
One morning to his Landlord came:
" Alas, my Lord," he weeping said,
" Gor'd by my Bull, your Ox is dead.
What must be done?" " The case is plain,"
Replies the Lord; " the creature slain,
The owner of the Bull must pay;
Let it be done without delay."
" Heav'n give your Worship long to live!
I hope you will a good one give,

For mine was good!"—"How! your's, my Friend?
Let me your story comprehend:
Your Bull, you say, my Ox has gor'd?"
—"Forgive me the mistake, my Lord,
In my confusion I have made;
Mine was the Ox that must be paid;
But 'tis all one; what's just for me
The same must for your Worship be:
I'll tell the steward what you say."
—"Not yet; we'll think of it to-day;
Further inquiry must be had;
Perhaps your fences were but bad;
Perhaps—but come again to-morrow."
The honest labourer saw with sorrow,
That justice wears a different face,
When for themselves men put the case.

FABLE LVI.

THE HOUSE-DOG AND THE POINTER.

A MAN two Spaniels entertain'd;
One guardian of the house remain'd,

While with the other, from the field
He brought what game their chase could y
And every evening shar'd the spoil
With him, who had not shar'd the toil:
The Pointer often growl'd to see
The House-dog fare as well he:
"Truce to your anger, friend," says Tray,
"We both of us deserve our pay;
You hunt abroad, I watch at home,
To keep all safe against you come;
I serve as usefully as you,
Though with less bustle and ado."

FABLE LVII.

THE LAD AND THE SCHOOLMASTE

At play on Thames's verdant side,
A School-boy fell into the tide,
Where providentially there stood
A willow, bending o'er the flood.
Buoy'd on its branch, he floating lay,
When the Head-master past that way.

The Lad entreats his life to save:
The Don replies with aspect grave,
"Sirrah, what business had you there?
How vain is all our watchful care!
You never heed a word we say;
Your disobedience you shall pay!"
"First," says the Boy, "pray stretch your hand;
I'll hear you when I come to land."

This is for those, with vain parade
Who give advice, instead of aid.

FABLE LVIII

THE MAN AND HIS ASS.

A RUSTIC bringing to the fair
An Ass, that he might show him there
Sleek and well looking, let him trot;
He following with his Son on foot,
The first they met upon the road,
At our pedestrians laughing loud,
"Look at those two legg'd Asses," cried,
"Who trudge on foot when they might ride!"

The Father with the hint complies;
Makes the Boy mount. Now other cries
Assail their ears; by greybeards blam'd;
" Sirrah, you ought to be asham'd
To ride and let your Father walk!"
Again he listen'd to their talk.
The Sire got up, the Youth got down;
When passing through a country town,
At every door the mothers said,
" A murrain light on thy old head!
Hast thou no bowels for thy kind?
At least take up the Lad behind."
This done, they next were thus address'd:
" Two lubbers on a little beast?
They fitter are to carry him!"
Complying with this senseless whim,
Upon a pole, his feet in air,
The Ass they on their shoulders bear;
Now laughing shouts spread far and wide.
The Ass's ligatures untied,
" Proceed, my Son," then said the Man;
" To please the world, do all we can,
Since 'tis impossible, you see,
To please ourselves content we'll be."

FABLE LIX.

THE PRINCE AND THE MOUNTEBANK.

As long as fools and dupes are found,
So long will charlatans abound:
When were they more abundant known,
Than since so wise and learn'd we're grown?
The world deserves to be deceiv'd;
Who promise most, are most believ'd.

A Quack, by poverty depress'd,
Pretended he the power possess'd,
With art infallible to teach
An animal the use of speech.
The Prince, on hearing the report,
Sent for the Man forthwith to court.
His counsellors of biped race
He long had found so dull and base,
He thought, their places to supply,
A four-legg'd ministry to try;
And bid the Man, without delay,
The marvels of his art display.
"Sire, as your Majesty well knows,"
Replied the Man, "what I propose
Is not a thing at once to do;
Time must be given, and money too;

If, with all industry and care,
To teach a child requires a year,
Ten is the least that it can take,
A scholar of an Ass to make;
A thousand guineas, annual rent,
Expence and trouble may content."
Heaven did not in those days, as now,
All sovereigns with sound sense endow;
The Prince all this for gospel took;
A bargain presently he struck,
But added, if the business fail'd,
The Charlatan should be impal'd.
When to his Wife the tale was told,
"Husband," she said, "you've been too bold.
This day ten years, the world shall see,
Impal'd you certainly will be."
"Not so, good Woman," says the Man;
"On better grounds I've laid my plan;
For when that period shall arrive,
Prince, Ass, or I, no more alive,
Which ever of the three it be,
From every danger I am free."

FABLE LX.

THE FOX AND THE WOLF.

A WOLF who had a hidden store,
Hunting the woods was seen no more.
The Fox suspecting, when they met,
Tried at the secret how to get.
The Wolf, who saw her treacherous aim,
Made an excuse that he was lame.
The Fox, pursuing her intent,
Straight to a Shepherd's cottage went;
And showing where to place the snares,
The Wolf was taken unawares;
And of his den and rich succession,
The vile informer took possession.
The Shepherd now, the cave who knew,
Resolv'd the Fox should suffer too,
And caught her in the very snare
Herself had taught him to prepare.

FABLE LXI.

THE MAN WHO WOULD CHOOSE HIS LOT.

CEASE, grumblers, either to be vain,
Or of your stations to complain:
Play well the part your fate supplies;
Then in yourselves the merit lies.

To choose his Lot a Goodman wanted;
His suit immediately was granted.
"Willing he was," he said, "to bear
Of weight a reasonable share,
Proportion'd to his natural power;
But wish'd that it should not be more."
Many which suited not he past,
Too large, too burthensome; at last
He lifted up a moderate pack,
Exactly fitted to his back.
"Of this," he said, "my choice I make;"
"'Tis well," says Jove, "you this may take."
And when the name on it was shown,
He found he just had chose his own.

FABLE LXII.

THE DREAMER AND HIS SON.

MORTALS bring down upon their head
The very miseries most they dread.

The only Son of a rich Knight
In hunting daily took delight.
The Father, living in alarm
Lest he should come to any harm,
Dreamt that he saw him on the ground,
Rent with a Lion's fatal wound.
The youth, allow'd to hunt no more,
Impatiently confinement bore.
Remarking, one unlucky day,
In the fine chamber where he lay,
A Lion painted on the wall,
"Thou art," he cried, "the cause of all!"
With idle rage the wall he struck,
And in his hand an iron stuck,
Which piercing bones and sinews through,
Fester'd, and then a gangrene grew.
And thus the Father's ill-tim'd care
Depriv'd him of his Son and heir.

FABLE LXIII.

CUPID AND DEATH.

CUPID, one sultry summer's day,
Weary with heat and am'rous play,
Into a grot retir'd to sleep,
The cave of Death. Upon a heap
Of moss his arrows careless thrown,
Where Death by chance had left his own,
The darts were mingled. Love awakes;
Some deadly shafts, unwary takes,
And some of his remain'd instead.
Hence, when Death strikes an aged head,
He sometimes lights unhallow'd fires;
And when the God of soft desires
To blooming youth would love impart,
He pierces with a deadly dart.

FABLE LXIV.

NEPTUNE AND PALLAS.

Two Gods with emulation strove
By presents for Cecropia's love.
Great Neptune's trident smote the earth,
And to the stately horse gave birth.
Her fostering hands Athene spread,
And the fat olive rears its head.
Preferr'd before the warlike steed,
The palm to Pallas was decreed.

Mortals most grateful incense owe
To Gods, who peaceful gifts bestow.

FABLE LXV.

PROMETHEUS.

When fierce Prometheus boldly strove
To form a Man in spite of Jove,

His plastic hand the stubborn clay
Dried up, refuses to obey.
Seeing his impious labour vain,
Nor water able to obtain,
The Demi-god to weep begun;
The clay grew moist, the work was done.
The beauteous image to inspire,
He stole a spark of Jove's own fire.
Its origin the race declares;
Compound of earth, and fire, and tears,
Strange creature, that aspires and mourns,
And to its native clay returns.

FABLE LXVI.

FORTUNE AND VICE.

FORTUNE and Vice dispute one day,
Which had to punish greater sway.
Says Fortune, "At my sovereign will,
I take all good and give all ill."
"Granted," says Vice, "but without me
None can completely wretched be;
While I, alone, do all you can,
In perfect misery plunge my man."

FABLE LXVII.

HOPE.

JOVE in a golden vase confin'd
All the good things that bless mankind,
And plac'd it in a mortal's hand,
To prove him; giving strict command,
That for two years he should beware
Not to examine what was there.
But curiosity grew strong;
Unable to resist so long,
The vase he opens. Tow'rds the skies
In spiral eddies vapours rise,
Where forms celestial, one by one,
Melt from his vision and are gone.
Youth, Beauty, Love, Joy, Pleasure, Health,
Peace, Friendship, Honour, Fame, and Wealth.
His eyes upon the ground he cast,
And saw fair Hope there anchor'd fast;
She still remain'd to calm his breast,
For the sad loss of all the rest.

FABLES,

IMITATED FROM

LA FONTAINE.

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IMITATED FROM

LA FONTAINE.

FABLE I.

THE VULTURES AND THE PIGEONS.

THE wing'd inhabitants of air
Wag'd on a time a direful war.
Not those, in budding groves who sing,
To usher in the amorous spring;
Nor those, with Venus' car who fly
Thro' the light clouds and yielding sky;
But the rapacious Vulture-brood,
With crooked beak that thirsts for blood,
And iron fangs. Their war, 'tis said,
For a dog's carrion corse was made.
Shrill shrieks resound from shore to shore;
The earth beneath is sanguin'd o'er;
Vers'd in the science to destroy,
Address and valour they employ.
'Twould take a hundred tongues to tell,
The heroes from the air who fell.
The Dovecote race, a gentle nation,
Made offer of their mediation.
Prudent ambassadors are sent;
The Vultures, with the terms content,
Agree their guarantee to take,
And armistice and treaty make.

This kind desire to interfere,
Cost the poor Peace-makers full dear.
To rapine bred, the ruthless crew,
Nor gratitude nor faith who knew,
On the defenceless Pigeons fall,
And shortly had devour'd them all.

When Tyrants from their quarrels cease,
Some weaker neighbour pays their peace.
His safety in their warfare lies;
Their feuds, not he should compromise.
When Joseph, Frederick, and Kate,
Tir'd of unprofitable hate,
Their animosities would heal,
They swallow'd Poland at a meal.

FABLE II.

THE OLD MAN AND DEATH.

THOUGH life be welcome to the wise,
Death cannot take him by surprise;
Aware that every day and hour
He holds but at the tyrant's power,

That beauty, talents, worth, are vain
A moment's respite to obtain.
Nothing more known, and yet how rare
It is with courage to prepare
For this inevitable day!
All hope a little more delay.

One, who had suffer'd many a year,
And to a century drew near,
At last complain'd, that unawares
Death came, unsettled his affairs:
" My will is not completely made;
A little time," he trembling said,
" A little longer let me live;
Some warning 'tis but fair to give!
My grandson is expected home;
At least pray let the Doctor come."
" Poor helpless driveller!" Death replied;
" Ten years ago thou should'st have died;
Thy friends, thy foes, thyself outliv'd;
Almost an age thou hast surviv'd:
Some who their day had scarce begun,
Others beneath their noon-tide sun;
Time's deepest lines engrave thy brow,
And dost thou hesitate to go?
Idiot, what warning would'st thou have?
One foot already in the grave;

Sight, hearing, feeling, day by day,
Sunk gradual in a long decay.
I blame myself for my neglect;
Thou'st not a moment to expect!"

When failing nature warns, the sage
Sees death a refuge from old age;
And rising from life's lengthen'd feast,
Willing retires, a sated guest.

FABLE III.

THE SCYTHIAN.

When you the passions would subdue,
Beware you quell not virtues too.
The stoic apathy avoid,
Which nothing leaves but fruitless pride.

Born in a clime that nothing yields,
A Scythian vineyards bought and fields,
Beneath an hospitable sky,
Where lands an ample store supply;
But nothing of their culture knew,
More than he saw his neighbours do.

Observing one, day after day,
Cut something from his trees away,
He wish'd the motive to explore,
And call'd one morning at his door.
" Neighbour," he said, " I fain would know
Your plants why amputate you so ?"
The Man replied, " that what remain
More sap may draw and vigour gain."
The hint the simple Scythian took,
And bought a pruning-knife and hook;
All branches lopt; nor difference knew
Between the barren and the true.
Nor vine nor olive could withstand
The slashing of his desperate hand;
Far better nothing to have done,
And nature left to work alone.

FABLE IV.

THE DROWNED WOMAN.

I AM not one of those who hold,
That every Woman is a scold.

Much higher of the sex I deem;
Worthy of love, respect, esteem;
To whose society we owe
The few blest hours our lives bestow.
But Women certainly there are,
Ready to wage eternal war;
And so to opposition given,
They'd surely contradict in Heaven.
When one of these by chance was drown'd,
The Husband came: "Has no one found
The corpse?" he to some boatmen cried
Upon the bank. "No," they replied,
"The place to seek it is below,
Borne by the current down." "Not so,"
Says one, "but upwards seek, I trow;
For who e'er saw this woman fail,
'Gainst wind and tide to set her sail?"

FABLE V.

THE REED AND THE OAK.

The Lowly rise, the warfare o'er;
The Mighty fall to rise no more.

A lofty Oak that towering stood,
The ancient honour of the wood,
Look'd downwards with a gracious eye
Upon a Reed that grew hard by.
" In truth," he said, " thy hapless fate
I cannot but commiserate.
The softest breeze that curls the lakes
Bend to the earth thy body makes;
While rudest hurricanes that blow
Unheeded pass upon my brow.
Poor Plant, the sport of every wind!
Nature to thee has been unkind;
My boughs some shelter might bestow,
Didst thou not dwell so far below."
" Thanks," says the Bulrush, " Royal Tree,
That you should deign to notice me;
But your compassion you may spare;
Greater than mine your dangers are;
Though you so long have brav'd the blast,
Your fatal hour may come at last.
I bend, 'tis true, but never break."
A hurricane, while yet he spake,
From every side the welkin rends;
The Oak stands firm, the Ozier bends.
The storm, with still increasing force,
Full on the Oak directs its course.
Up-rifted, with tremendous sound,
His leafy honours dress the ground;

Prostrate he lies, a ruin wide,
The Bulrush waving o'er his side.

FABLE VI.

THE ANIMALS SICK OF THE PLAGUE.

THE laws on little culprits fall;
Great criminals escape them all.

The Tenants of the earth and air
Smote by a dire contagion were.
With drooping wing the Turtle sat,
In mournful silence by his mate.
Bleating for help, the expiring Lamb
Fell on his dying milkless dam.
No vernal sound, no rural lay,
With joyous carol wak'd the day;
Each creature made its different moan,
And suffering Nature seem'd to groan.
Heav'n to appease, the Priests advise
To offer up a sacrifice;
And who the victim ought to be,
That they and all the rest may see,
That all shall be confess'd, decree.

King Lion first, with contrite airs,
Many and deep his crimes declares,
" That herds and flocks he often slew,
And now and then a shepherd too."—
Priests, Lawyers, all the Courtier throng,
Pronounce " the King can do no wrong."
Wolves, Tygers, Leopards, and the rest,
All their rapacities confest;
But these are venial in the great;
For Nobles must support their state.
At last an humble Ass appear'd;
Confess'd, " That much his conscience fear'd,
He had so far offended Heav'n,
His crime could never be forgiv'n;
That to the parson's being led,
He once had in the church-yard fed;"—
" Flat sacrilege!" the judges cry,
And Long-ears is condemn'd to die.

FABLE VII.

THE MARRIED MAN.

If good and fair together went,
To marry one might be content;

But since they sparingly unite,
He who deliberates long is right.
Full many a Hymen I have seen,
And very few have happy been.
Who in this lottery draws a prize,
In his good luck may well rejoice.
Yet men, in spite of all they see,
Still hope they fortunate may be.

'Twas one of these had ta'en a wife,
Who prov'd the torment of his life;
A niggard, jealous, and a scold;
Nor love nor fear her rage controul'd.
Eternal her envenom'd tongue;
Spouse, servants, neighbours, always wrong;
Till, hopeless quiet to obtain,
The Husband sent her home again.
Time and reflection, when he thought
More moderation might have taught,
He visited, and kindly ask'd,
In absence how her time had pass'd?
"Nothing was ever worse," she said;
"Nor would I here have longer staid;
My parents, with respect I speak,
Are grown so negligent and weak,
The servants break, and lose, and spill,
And all the world do what they will.

I chafe and worry day and night,
And might in time have set things right,
But I am hated for my pains;
'Tis all that thankless service gains."—
" Pray, stop your voluble career;"
The good man cries; " enough I hear;
In peace, I find, to live with you
Is quite impossible—Adieu."

FABLE VIII.

THE MILKMAID.

A COUNTRY Girl, alert and gay,
Rose to the labours of the day,
Fresh as the rose-bud on her breast.
As trim as any daisy dress'd,
To the next town she singing sped,
A milk-pail balanc'd on her head.
Careless she seem'd; yet, as she went,
Her thoughts on serious things were bent.—
" A hundred eggs this milk will buy;
Which flocks of chickens may supply:
More I will sell to buy a pig,
Which, small at first, will soon grow big,

And manag'd well, enough will bring
A cow to purchase in the spring.
The cow a calf will have, no doubt;
How gay to see him skip about!"—
This thought so pleas'd the lively Lass,
She jump'd for joy; and the green grass
Was silver'd with a milky stream;
Pig, cow, and calf, an empty dream,
From which the maid, too late awake,
Sadly went home her peace to make.

He at this Milkmaid's folly smiles,
Whom a worse ridicule beguiles.
What are the projects of the great,
Still form'd without consulting fate?
When for enjoyment they prepare,
The baseless fabric melts in air:
For man, the way of life is best,
That trusts futurity the least.

FABLE IX.

THE ACORN AND THE GOURD.

ONE of the tribe of demi-wise,
Who through their blinking, purblind eyes,
Scarce see an inch beyond their nose,
Of view profound themselves suppose,
Seeing a Pumpkin's monstrous fruit,
Its slender stalk so little suit;
Cries, with a magisterial tone,
" How awkwardly has nature done!
Instead of trailing on the ground,
Had these on yonder Oak been found,
With more propriety and grace,
His Acorns had supplied their place;
It stands to reason, that in this,
Good Providence has done amiss!"
Ere he his oracle had said,
An Acorn fell on his bald head;
His ears, still tingling with the blow,
" Pray, Sir," says one, " what think you now?"
The Sage had nothing left to say;
Silent for once he slunk away,
The next occasion sure to take,
Impertinent remarks to make.

For, hold it as a constant rule,
Experience ne'er corrects a fool.

FABLE X.

THE RATS IN COUNCIL.

A TABBY of the purring race,
With velvet paws and whisker'd face,
Grimalkin hight, the prince of cats,
Such havoc made among the Rats,
That sunk in terror and dismay,
They knew not to what saint to pray.
No mortal Cat could be so evil,
'Twas Bonaparte or the devil.
One night, upon the tiles above,
They heard him making cruel love.
The caterwauling scene they knew,
Would last at least an hour or two;
And venturing out, the moment chose
To hold a council on their woes.
An ancient Rat of aspect wise,
Grimalkin never could surprise,
Who knew a tottering house to shun,
As many a two-legged Rat has done,

Propos'd that they should place a bell
On Tabby's neck, that it might tell
Of his approach. The rest consent,
Without a single non-content.
The only thing was then to know,
To fix the collar who should go.
Each hung his tail and slouch'd his ears;
No Rat his service volunteers.
The love-scene ceas'd. 'Twas break of day,
All scuttled to their holes away.

This fable may a lesson show,
To other Cabinets we know,
When they to quell the foe debate,
Their strength and means to estimate.

FABLE XI.

THE OLD MAN AND THE YOUNG ONES.

An Old Man by two Youths was found
Sowing some acorns in his ground—
"What, planting, neighbour, at fourscore!
Prithee, the vain pursuit give o'er;

Thou never canst a sapling see;
Leave planting then, for such as we."—
" If thus you reason," said the sage,
" Projects become not any age.
Think ye your lives than mine more sure?
Nothing on earth is less secure.
Your threads, the Fates may now have spun,
" So passeth it and ye are gone."
And would you vanish like the wind
Leaving no trace of you behind?
Why then forbid me to prepare
For others what I shall not share?
The pleasure I this day receive,
That for posterity I live;
Forestalling in these unborn groves,
The distant scenes of future loves.
And now, young men, I'll you advise;
Go home, and hasten to be wise;
For life is short, and science long,
Experience slow, and passion strong,
And reason a fallacious guide,
Oppos'd to prejudice and pride;
Be satisfied with your condition,
And fly from Avarice and Ambition."

The giddy youths small profit made.
Following an avaricious trade,

One in a storm at sea was drown'd;
The other, with a mortal wound,
Was on a field of battle found.
Both to survive the old man's fate,
And weep their sad untimely date.

FABLE XII.

THE DOVES.

WEARY with happiness and home
A Dove resolv'd abroad to roam.
His mate her eloquence display'd
The fatal purpose to dissuade.
"Think on the dangers of the way!
At least a better season stay.
Why in such haste? Yon Crow on high
Announces some disaster nigh.
My lonely dreams all night will be
Of guns and hawks when far from thee
Has he some leafy covert found?
Perhaps he sleeps on the hard ground,
Perhaps in prison or in pain,
Calls his forsaken love in vain.

Absence is death where love is true,
And is it nothing then to you?"
The vagrant lover dropt a tear,
But still resolv'd to persevere.
" My dear, be comforted," he says,
" The days are long, and safe the ways.
For a short absence do not mourn;
Again I quickly shall return,
And have a thousand things to say,
To entertain a winter's day;
And tell, when I have seen the rest,
That thee of all I love the best."
Then with affectionate adieu,
Away the truant rover flew.
Soon on a wide unshelter'd plain,
His glossy plumes were drench'd with rain.
Hungry and tir'd, he saw hard by,
Amongst the grass some barley lie,
On which a pigeon seem'd to feed,
And lighted without farther heed.
The grass with trait'rous gins was fraught,
And the poor traveller was caught.
The tackle old, and worse for wear,
He struggled till he broke the snare;
Not without many a bruise and wound,
And half his feathers scatter'd round.
As hardly he pursu'd his way,
A Vulture mark'd him for her prey;

When from above an Eagle came,
And found the Vulture other game.
The Dove, while they contended, fled,
And lighted on a Shepherd's shed.
A Lad, (what lad compassion knows?)
At the poor bird a pebble throws;
The aim was so exactly ta'en,
He with the blow was almost slain.
Cursing his curiosity,
He back again resolves to fly.
Starv'd, weary, frighted, wounded, lame,
Half dead with injuries and shame,
At home the Fugitive arrives,
And to conceal his misery strives.
Their joy at meeting may be guess'd;
How much the Stranger was caress'd,
And all the ardent vows they swore,
Never to leave each other more.

Did you your happiness but know,
Lovers, short journies you would go!
To one another, all in all,
What boots it how the rest befall?
I too have lov'd, and then, would Heaven
A palace and a crown have given,
I would have scorn'd them for the grove,
Sacred to liberty and love.

The linnet's song, the simplest flower,
To charm had then a magic power,
Unknown to pleasure's gay resorts,
And the magnificence of courts.
The sole blest hours my life has known,
O Love! I owe to thee alone!

FABLE XIII.

THE FRIENDS.

One gone to bed when it was late,
Heard a loud knocking at his gate.
He hasten'd to the door to send,
And found it was his bosom friend.
Rising with speed, "What, Friend most dear,
At such an hour has brought thee here?
Want'st thou my credit or my sword?
Thou know'st them ready at a word."
"Nought," he replies, "I want, since thee,
My best belov'd, in health I see.
I view'd thee in a dream distress'd,
And waking, could no longer rest,

Till the reality I knew ;
Thank heaven the vision was not true.
Good night ; to-morrow we will meet,
And smile at love so indiscreet."

Though men complain that friendship's rare,
Yet friends sincere there surely are,
Friends with affection strong and steady,
Who when most wanted, most are ready.
Like a good watch, that equal goes
On Zara's sands, or Zembla's snows ;
Who dare 'gainst all the world defend
The faults and frailties of a friend ;
For 'tis to these, alas, we owe
Our best propensities below.
Compassion and protecting zeal,
Who never wants will never feel.
Rakes may associate ; Knaves conspire ;
Love glow with lust's unhallow'd fire ;
But Friendship never yet had part
In any but a noble heart.
Desire grows cool, and duty sleeps ;
Friendship its course unalter'd keeps.
Oppression, want, disgrace, partakes,
Constant when all the world forsakes.
Of goods that Heaven can grant us here,
The best is sure a friend sincere.

FABLE XIV.

THE PEASANT OF THE DANUBE.

When tyrant Rome o'er every land
Had stretch'd her sanguinary hand,
From Danube's shores the cities sent
One who their ills might represent;
A boor he was of rustic mold;
(Thus good Aurelius has the story told)
Who hid beneath a form uncouth,
A mind undaunted in the cause of truth.
"Romans," he says, "attend my speech,
And may the Gods my tongue persuasion teach;
For they alone just sentiments inspire,
Calm each inordinate desire,
And certain punishment inflict
On those who their decrees neglect.
That all the world you thus distress,
More from their crimes proceeds than your address.
Dread ye not, Romans, in your turn,
To see your fields laid waste, your cities burn?
To see the nations, arm'd with vengeance come,
Transport their tears and wretchedness to Rome,
And lay on you the chains you impious dare,
Condemn a groaning world to bear?

What right, what privilege have you,
An inoffensive people to subdue,
Because a peaceful life they've led,
And you to cruel war been bred?
Think you the Gods, who all descry,
Will long behold, with unavenging eye,
Altars and consecrated groves profan'd,
And sacred love with violation stain'd?
No bounds a Roman's avarice knows;
Alike it falls on friends and foes.
Vain is the hapless landlord's toil;
The harvest is a Roman's spoil.
Henceforward let our fields uncultur'd lie;
While we to woods and mountains fly,
Where rapine can find nothing to pursue;
Herding with wolves and bears, less fierce than you;
Childless, to end our wretched doom,
Nor propagate new slaves for Rome.
Mixt with your legions, should we stay,
We might become corrupt and base as they;
Rapacious, faithless, sunk in luxury.
What in your Rome has met my eye,
But a degenerate venal tribe,
Where he who cannot or who will not bribe,
In vain has justice on his side,
All reparation is denied!
I've done: if you my boldness take amiss,
My life at your disposal is."

The Senate heard with admiration,
The honest Rustic's forcible oration,
The truth of it no soul denied,
But each to others than himself applied.
In a few days they thought of it no more:
And all went on precisely as before.

END OF IMITATIONS FROM LA FONTAINE.

FABLES

FROM THE

LATIN, FRENCH, ITALIAN, GERMAN;

AND

ORIGINAL.

FABLE I.

THE ROSE AND THE AMARANTH.

A Rose, in youth and beauty's pride,
Grew by a modest Amaranth's side.
So fair a form, and tints so bright,
All stopt to gaze at with delight,
And stood enchanted to enhale,
The fragrance of the passing gale.
'Neighbour," she blushing said, "you see,
None go without observing me;
While I perceive that very few
Seem any note to take of you."
'Sweet Rose," the Amaranth replies,
'No Flower with thee in beauty vies.
Far be such vanity from me,
Whose only boast is constancy.
Not obvious to the vulgar eye,
My humble merits deeper lie;
Less exquisite, they longer last;
Unchang'd, alas, when thine are past."

Love is the rose-bud of an hour;
Friendship the everlasting flower.

FABLE II.

THE CHILD IN THE BOAT.

A CHILD, the first time in a boat,
With sail and current set afloat,
" See, see, Papa," surpris'd he cries,
" The house, the church, the village flies!"
" Look at the stream," the Father said;
" By that our little bark is led;
Down that we go, with silent pace,
House, church, and village keep their place."

So on swift wing Time seems to fly;
And hours, and days, and years go by.
But time immortal is; alas,
Not he it is, but we that pass!

FABLE III.

THE BEE AND THE GARDENER.

A GARD'NER saw a Bee alight
Upon a golden aconite.
"The outside, as you see, is fair,"
He said, "but of the price beware."
"I thank you for your care of me,
But there's no danger," said the Bee;
I have the sentiment and power,
To gather from each various flower
The good, and leave the bad behind:
My honey you will wholesome find,
Tho' drawn from every plant that grows,
As well the henbane as the rose."

Good sense learns more from very fools,
Than folly from the wisest schools.

FABLE IV.

ESOP AND THE POET.

A Poet with his merit fraught,
One day his epic-poem brought
To Esop. Some fine verses read,
" What think you of my work," he said.
" Pray take this brick," the sage replied,
" Examine it on every side,
And say, its qualities when known,
What think you of my house in town ?"
Of Esop's meaning not aware,
The Poet fell into the snare.
" How can I judge of that," says he,
" Unless the building I should see ?"
" And yet," retorted Esop, " you
This very thing would have me do !"

'Tis not enough, in sounding verse
Some strange adventure to rehearse,
The mob surprising, here and there,
With golden dragon and white bear,
Void of invention, truth, or keeping,
To hold the judging eye from sleeping.
Such motley things no poems are ;
But with the patch-work may compare,

Our thrifty grandams whilom made,
Of squares of velvet and brocade,
Cut from the well-sav'd birth-day gown
That once surpris'd the gaping town.

FABLE V.

THE GREEN ASS.

He who his life by reason rules,
May scorn the idle prate of fools.

A widow tir'd of single state,
Much wish'd to take a second mate;
But dreading what the world would say,
She put it off from day to day.
A sly old dame, the world who knew,
Told her, her fancy to pursue.
"To gossip you shall see," she said,
"How small attention need be paid!"
The following day she had an Ass
Painted all o'er as green as grass.
In every street the creature shown,
Was talk'd of over all the town;

And young and old went out to see
So wonderful a prodigy.
A second time when led along,
He was less notic'd by the throng.
And in another day or two,
No crowd at all the marvel drew ;
But quietly was seen to pass
Unmark'd, like any other Ass.
" Thus," says the beldame, " you will see
That with your marriage it will be."

FABLE VI.

THE TAILOR AND HIS WIFE.

Sages and heroes, quit the field!
A woman's tongue will make you yield.

A Housewife, to whose restive nature,
A mule is quite a pliant creature ;
A scold in short, for such there are,
Though to be sure extremely rare,
Had for her husband's recreation,
Each ev'ning some new altercation.

One night when high the quarrel ran,
A lousy knave she call'd her man;
Which so incens'd him, that he swore
She should his pardon ask. The more
He bluster'd, louder grew the Woman;
She vow'd she would submit to no man;
" She eat her words, indeed! no, no,
Her temper he should better know!"
The Tailor, nettled to the quick,
Across her shoulders laid his stick;
" You are a lousy knave," she cried,
" Though you should beat me till I died."
Determining her rage to cool,
He forc'd her to the ducking-stool.
Upon the fatal plank when seated,
The odious epithet repeated
With louder voice and shriller sound,
Was heard by all the neighbours round.
And when the water stopt her breath,
She knew not but might cause her death,
And 'twas impossible to cry,
Her hands she lifted up on high,
Cracking her nails above the wave,
Still seem'd to call him " lousy knave."
The Tailor, finding all was vain,
Drew Madam to the shore again.
And the next day, for quiet, went
To join a marching regiment.

FABLE VII.

THE HUSBAND AND THE CONFESSOR.

A KNIGHT of Florence had a wife
Who made him lead a weary life.
Devout she was, that she might claim
The blessed privilege to blame;
And daily to confession went,
To give her angry spirit vent,
And of her husband's faults complain.
The honest Priest was much in pain,
He reason'd with both man and wife,
And hoping to accord the strife,
Says to the Husband, " why don't you
Come sometimes to confession too ?"
" Why," replies he, " should I impart
What you already know by heart?
My sins you've heard repeated o'er
By Madam fifty times and more."

FABLE VIII.

THE PRIEST AND THE BISHOP.

A WEALTHY Priest a dog had bred,
And lov'd so well, when he was dead
He in his sorrow took the whim
In the church-yard to bury him.
The Bishop, a rich fine in view,
Order'd his vicar to pursue
The sacrilege; but first to send
And bid the culprit to attend.
The wily Priest, his man who knew,
Appear'd and made his reverence due.
The Bishop, with a threatening brow,
Told him, " to prison he must go;
That such a shameful profanation
Demanded public expiation."
" Alas, my Lord," replied the Priest,
" Had you but known that worthy beast,
You would allow I could not pay
Less honour to my faithful Tray.
Men with more sense I've seen but few;
And such was his respect for you,
The day he died, he made his will,
Which I was coming to fulfill,

Just when your Lordship sent for me.
This purse of fourscore ducats he,
From what of you he had heard spoken,
Bequeath'd you, of his love a token."
" For such a dog," the Bishop said,
" A dispensation may be made.
And if he should have left a brother,
I sha'nt object to grant another."

FABLE IX.

CYRUS'S LESSON.

CYRUS at school, on this position
The Master call'd for his decision:
" A tall stout lad has overgrown
His coat; a lesser boy has one
Too long and large; what should be done?"
" The thing is easy to arrange,"
Says Cyrus, " I would make them change."
For this decree, he thought so fine,
Young Cyrus got the discipline,
To teach him, " that on property
Maintain'd, depends society;

And not with rights to interfere,
To suit what fitter may appear."

FABLE X.

THE PAINTER.

WHEN candid critics deign to blame
Their index points the road to fame,
But when dull fools your works admire,
Throw them at once into the fire.

At Athens dwelt, in days of yore,
A Painter deep in graphic lore.
His touch was firm, his outline true,
And every rule full well he knew.
A Mars he painted, meant to show
How far his learned skill could go.
The work complete, he call'd a friend,
On whose true taste he could depend.
The friend was honest, spoke his thought,
And fairly pointed out the fault,—
" That overwork'd in every part,
It show'd too much laborious art."

The Painter argued for his rules;
And cited maxims from the schools;
Still the judicious Critic held
The labour should be more conceal'd.
While they disputed on his stricture,
A Coxcomb came to see the picture;
Entering, he cries, "Good Heavens, how fine!
The piece, I swear, is quite divine!
The sword, the knot, the belt, the leather,
The steel, the gold, the silk, the feather,
Are perfect nature altogether!"
The Painter, reddening with despight,
Whispers, "My friend, by Jove you're right.
'Tis not enough our art to know,
Till less of it we learn to show;
My picture must be done again
I see, to please discerning men."

FABLE XI.

ARISTIPPUS AND THE NIGGARD.

A NARROW-minded, rich Athenian
Pray'd Aristippus's opinion,

bout a tutor for his boy.
I would," he said, " a man employ,
heap, yet sufficient to the task;
[ow much do you suppose he'd ask?"
For such a one, 'twould not be dear
'o give a hundred pound a-year"—
How," cries the man, " a hundred pound!
uch sums not every day are found.
'or half the value I can have
An active, well-instructed slave,
Who, when the education's o'er,
Will be a servant as before."
' True;" says the Sage, " I must allow,
Better than me these things you know;
Nor is this all; the business done,
You'll have two slaves instead of one."

Think not to reap, the harvest grown,
A better seed than you have sown.
Would you in honour teach to live,
A liberal education give.

FABLE XII.

THE GARDENER AND THE SCHOOLMASTER.

I HATE the Pedagogues, who preach
When by example they should teach.
The empty verbiage of the schools,
Serves but to make men greater fools.

A vicious, ill-condition'd lad,
By birth and education bad,
Into a garden found his way,
And fill'd his satchel every day;
Picking and culling all the best,
He spoil'd and threw away the rest.
Complaint was to the Master made;
Who soon arriv'd, in full parade;
And with him all his youngsters brought,
A better lesson to be taught.
To sermonize he then began,
On Heav'n's commands, and rights of man.
Meanwhile the lads search'd every nook,
And all the thief had left they took.
Fall'n from the pan into the fire,
The Man cries out, inflam'd with ire,

"If you your sermon, Sir, had spar'd,
And the young rogue's posteriors bar'd,
A lesson you had there impress'd,
Both on the culprit and the rest,
More good than your vain prate had done,
And all my apples not been gone."

FABLE XIII.

THE RAKE AND THE PIOUS MAN.

GOOD men in worthiness believe;
Knaves others like themselves conceive.

A Man, of life and aspect grave,
Bent his immortal soul to save,
At early hour went ev'ry day,
To his protecting saint to pray.
Too oft, alas, in the same street,
Bagnio and tabernacle meet!
He daily saw a Youth, who came
From neighb'ring house of evil fame,
Into his bed-chamber to creep,
While yet his father was asleep.

"What a fine youth!" the good man says;
"How rare, in these degenerate days,
To see a stripling of his years
At break of day return from prayers!"
While the young Rake, to every guest,
Made of the pious man his jest;
"I never from the brothels come,"
He cries, "but as returning home,
That sly old hypocrite I view,
Trotting along to go there too."

FABLE XIV.

THE WOMAN AND THE MUTE.

To those whose clatter never ceases,
Who listens best, most surely pleases.

"Madam," exclaims a wicked Wit,
"I know a man your taste would hit:
Not one of those who loose their tongue,
And rattle on, thro' right and wrong:
But who, admiring what you say,
Will sit to hear you night and day;

Ne'er contradicts; and so discreet,
You're sure he nothing will repeat.
With sneers his friends he ne'er attacks,
Or ridicules behind their backs."
"Enough; pray bring him at your leisure,"—
"Madam, this night he waits your pleasure."
When next they met, the Wit began;
"What think you, Madam, of my man?"
—"Think of him, Sir! delightful quite!
Learned, well-judging, and polite;
I hope he'll very often come"—
Reader, the man was deaf and dumb.

FABLE XV.

THE BEGGAR AND THE BISHOP.

Words that cost nothing you'll obtain,
But solid help 'tis hard to gain.

A Beggar once a Bishop pray'd,
With a sequin his wants to aid;
"What," says the Bishop, "a sequin!
I wonder what the man can mean?"

—" A crown, then, or a paulo?"—No."
—" Sixpence—a penny?"—" Not a sous."
" Well, then, your blessing"—" That I'll give"
" And that, my Lord, I wont receive;
When than a farthing less you make it,
As of no value I must take it,
And since you're so damn'd fond of pelf,
You'd better keep it for yourself."

FABLE XVI.

THE NATURAL SON.

Fools think to pass amongst the great,
When they their follies imitate.

'Twas once maintain'd, I know not why,
That Highnesses are prone to lie;
And much was argued, to and fro,
On this ridiculous *propos*.
While warm in the dispute they were,
Half out of breath arriv'd St Far,
The Duke of Orleans' natural son,
And such a history begun,

One might be certain at first view,
That not a word of it was true.
To those who near her chanc'd to stand,
Coigny, whose wit was still at hand,
Says, " Hear ye, Sirs, at what a rate,
He tries to be legitimate !"

FABLE XVII.

THE JOURNEY.

To start before the break of day,
And stumbling grope along the way;
At noon, not half the journey done,
Full many a risk and peril run;
Thro' bogs and quicksands to proceed,
Not knowing whither they may lead;
While overhead the thunders form
Without a shelter from the storm;
Missing the road at every turn,
With strength decay'd and spirits worn;
Whilst the companions of the way
Drop off, as sinks declining day:
Guideless and objectless at last,
Judging the future by the past,

At night into a hovel creep,
And fall with weariness asleep;
The course of human life may show,
Which none a second time would go.

FABLE XVIII.

THE LION AND THE APE.

By natural instinct, as the wise
From ignorance and dulness flies;
By the same law, where folly rules,
She peoples all her realms with fools.

A Lion, old and imbecile,
To regulate the forest-weal
Appointed for his grand-vizier,
An Ape, who then possess'd his ear,
And presently each place supplied
With creatures to his race allied.
Lynxes and Pards from Court were driven,
And their commands to Monkies given;
Grave Asses from the benches bray;
Senates the tricking Fox obey;

Weasels and Rats are financiers,
And courtiers Spaniels, Cats, and Bears.
A Tyger, ousted from his station,
Stirr'd up the discontented nation.
The rebel crew depos'd the King,
And doom'd the wretched Ape to swing.

FABLE XIX.

THE BROTHERS.

Two Brothers, when their Father died,
Had on their fortunes to decide.
This, in his fields resolv'd to stay:
That, in the world would make his way,
And little by the right restrain'd,
Through low intrigues an office gain'd.
One day he to his brother said,
" As well as me you might have sped,
Had you but learn'd the useful art,
To take men by their weaker part."
" An art I should disdain to know;"
Replies the other, " and hadst thou
Known honest poverty to brave,
Thou would'st have scorn'd to live a slave."

FABLE XX.

THE DUELLIST.

Two Frenchmen once, in the parterre,
Close to each other seated were.
One stopt his nose, and turn'd his head;
" Why do you so?" the other said.
" Faith, if the truth, Sir, I must tell,
It is that you I may not smell."—
" Sir, you insult me"—" Troth, not I,
I speak the truth."—" I say you lie,
And satisfaction I must have."—
" In shewing, Sir, that you are brave,
What you would gain I do not see.
You'd stink no less should you kill me;
And if my shot should knock you o'er,
You'd surely stink a great deal more."

I never yet could understand,
Why men, by taking sword in hand,
Imagine they their fame can free,
From stains of wrong and infamy.

FABLE XXI.

THE TRAVELLERS.

In every circumstance and station,
Never lose sight of moderation.

Weary and spent, three men alight
At a small inn to pass the night.
The Hostess their repast prepares,
Divided into equal shares.
While one of them was at the stable,
And supper set upon the table,
Another, an intemperate beast,
Both portions to devour made haste;
And he, who nothing could obtain,
Hungry to go to rest was fain.
Disorder'd in each vile secretion,
The hog lay groaning with repletion;
And with fatigue and inanition,
The other in but bad condition.
The third, who mod'rately had fed,
Slept well; and springing from his bed
Early, his journey to pursue,
Behind him left the other two.

FABLE XXII.

THE BOY AND THE CHURCHWARDEN.

A Boy at church a trinket found,
A dame had dropp'd upon the ground.
Restor'd, a good reward he got,
And this wise lecturing to boot:
" If, Lad, at church thou hadst not been,
These guineas thou would'st ne'er have seen;
How much more happy is thy day,
Than if with naughty boys at play!"
" The loser, Sir," replied the Boy,
" At sermon was as well as I."

This for who foolishly believe,
In a good cause they may deceive.

FABLE XXIII.

THE LAP-DOG.

A RICH old lady's pamper'd dog
Lay on his cushion, like a log.
Sick with indulgencies and ease,
And cross and difficult to please,
So fat and indolent was grown,
He scarce could waddle up and down.
Minions who cease to be protected,
May lay their count to be neglected;
Old Madam died; and poor Azor
Was quickly hustled out of door.
A Labourer in the neighbourhood,
To whom the Lady had been good,
Receiv'd him in his little shed;
Where, hardly lodg'd and scantly fed,
Air, exercise, and temperate board,
Health and good humour soon restor'd:
Contented in a cottage more,
Than with his luxuries before,
His playful tricks and sprightly glee
Delighted all the family.

Nor cross nor hardship who has known,
Feels for no sufferings but his own;

And nothing harden'd to sustain,
He suffers these with double pain.
Who has endur'd, has learn'd to bear;
And others' sorrows pitying share.
To make us what we ought to be,
No school is like adversity.

FABLE XXIV.

THE COBLER AND THE NABOB.

A COBLER, who had fix'd his stall
Against a Nabob's palace wall,
Work'd merrily as others play,
And sung and whistled all the day.
A prey to many an anxious care,
Less merry was the Lord, by far;
And often in the night he thought
It hard, sleep was not to be bought;
And if tow'rds morn he got a doze,
The Cobler troubl'd his repose.
One day he bid the man attend;
And "Well," says he, "my honest friend!
How is it that so well you thrive?
You seem the happiest man alive;

Pray what may be the profit clear,
That you can earn within the year?"
" What in a twelvemonth I can earn,
My Lord, was never my concern;
'Tis quite enough," the Cobler said,
" If I can gain my daily bread."
" Take then this note;" 'twas twenty pound;
" But sing not with so shrill a sound,
Good man," the generous Nabob cries,
" When early to your work you rise;
For then I want to close my eyes."
Delighted to his stall he went:
But now he first felt discontent;
All day he neither work'd or ate,
For thinking of his happy fate.
At night, when he retir'd to bed,
He plac'd the note beneath his head.
But could not sleep a single wink,
What he should do with it, to think;
And every little noise he heard,
That folks were come to rob him, fear'd.
Living in constant dread of all,
Who did but look towards his stall,
So lean and sallow he was grown,
The Man was hardly to be known.
At last he begg'd the Lord to see:
" Take back your present, Sir," says he,
" Riches I find are not for me.

To-morrow I my song renew;
Not less my gratitude to you;
And care henceforward I will take,
My chaunts your slumber do not break."

FABLE XXV.

THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER.

To H. I. H. the Princess of Saxe Weimar, Grand Duchess of Russia.—Sleswig, Dec. 1806.

PRINCESS of true Imperial blood,
Accomplish'd, beautiful, and good,
If in these lamentable times,
You can attend to idle rhymes,
I in a fable will relate
The story of a modern state.

A Man a Palfry long possess'd,
A quiet, serviceable beast;
Spavin'd, indeed, and somewhat blind,
But still his way he well could find;

And if he stumbl'd now and then,
Was soon upon his feet again.
In short, for many a year, the pack
Had born him safely on his back.
Till riding out one fatal day,
He overheard some coxcombs say,
" For such a man, 'tis quite a shame,
To mount a horse old, blind, and lame."
" Aye," replied one, " I know a steed
Would nobly carry him indeed;
Young, vigorous, beautiful, and sound;
His like is nowhere to be found."
In evil hour an ear he lent;
To view this boasted courser went;
Unwary on his back he got,
And tried to put him on a trot;
He rear'd, and plung'd, and leapt about,
Till from his seat he shook him out,
Then kicking, pitch'd him o'er his head,
And laid him on the pavement dead.
The vicious creature left at large,
On all his fury would discharge;
This from behind his heels surprise,
Trod under foot, that sprawling lies;
Another, who would seize the reins,
Is bit and mangled for his pains.
But want of nourishment and rest
Will tame at last the fiercest beast;

And rage itself suspends its course,
Exhausted by its proper force.
Light'ning no more his eye inspire;
No more his nostrils snorted fire;
At bay he stood, fatigu'd and lank,
With flagging ears and beating flank.
An active Jockey, stout and able,
Contracts to bring him to the stable;
Soothes, and his neck begins to pat,
And the corn rattles in his hat;
By hunger drawn, repell'd by fear,
The Courser neighs, retires, comes near;
Lur'd with the smell, begins to eat:
The Jockey vaulted in the seat;
With vigorous hand the bridle plied,
And stuck the rowels in his side.
Some bounds and curvets still he made,
But soon submissively obey'd.
The Horseman, who such skill had shown,
Resolv'd to keep him for his own:
Aware that constant work alone
Can keep this wicked spirit down,
He night and day is on his back,
To lead him to some new attack.
No road is safe, nor far nor near,
This Highwayman is everywhere.

FABLE XXVI.

THE MAN INFORMED OF HIS DESTINY.

A MAN obtain'd from Jove that he
The book of destiny might see.
His breast expanded while he read,
A crown should one day bind his head.
When turning o'er another page,
He saw with horror, that in age,
Dishonour'd, he must yield his breath
To violent, ignominious death.
Henceforth adieu to all content;
Still the dire image with him went.
Till begging Jove, in mercy kind
To wipe it from his wretched mind,
This too was done, and of his lot,
The sad catastrophe forgot.
And now the crown, in distant view,
His thoughts incessantly pursue,
Nor pleasure nor repose he knew.
Wishing to cancel all that stood
Between him and his sovereign good.
"Thy foolish prayers," Jove laughing cried,
"Little deserve to be denied;
But go; to cure at once thy pain,
Take back thy ignorance again."

Had prescience been on man bestow'd,
None would endure his actual load;
Goods, when expected, tasteless grow;
And evils we beforehand know,
Empoison every present joy,
And all the lures of hope destroy.
Where ignorance our bliss supplies,
'Twere the worst folly to be wise.

FABLE XXVII.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

Pleasure and Pain in constant fray,
Which o'er mankind should bear the sway;
Jove finding all agreement vain,
Link'd them together in a chain.
Hating the adamantine tie,
To its extremities they fly;
But dragg'd along, which ever lead,
The other must perforce succeed;
Doom'd, an inseparable pair,
In man to take alternate share.

FABLE XXVIII.

THE PERIWIG AND THE HAIR.

SAYS Periwig to head of Hair,
"You will not sure with me compare?
To bishop and to judge who give,
Half of the rev'rence they receive.
Of Full-bottom the ample flow
Denotes the head as full below;
And every lock precise in place,
That indicates th' archbishop's grace,
Marks, that you certainly will find,
The same nice order in his mind.
Mine too the fashionable shape,
Which, as you can, you try to ape.
In this you cannot choose but see
My vast superiority."
"Such strange pretensions must surprise,"
In scorn the natural Hair replies.
"What! you, a cover for defect,
Shall dare a preference expect
O'er tresses, that with native graces
Shade and adorn the fairest faces?"
"This I can do," says Wig, "so well,
That none the difference can tell."

" Is not your utmost pride to be,"
Says Hair, " a counterfeit of me?"
" And are not, pray," retorts the Wig,
" The head of every belle and prig
Dress'd like the *perruque* of the day?"
The *perruquier* thus stopt the fray.
" My friends," he says, " you're both to blame;
Your end and object are the same;
And best you are, both one and t'other,
When you are likest to each other."

" But pray," methinks I hear you cry,
" What does all this exemplify?"
Why this, that art, the prize to gain,
To copy nature must attain.
And nature is in most perfection,
When most resembling art's selection.
Would you a real scenery make?
Rosa or Claude for model take.
Would you like these o'er art preside?
Let nature be your constant guide.
And this to poetry applies;
Who or the classic laws defies,
Or has not studied nature well,
Ne'er as a poet will excel;
But either flat and vulgar be,
Or run to eccentricity.

FABLE XXIX.

GENIUS AND LABOUR.

To a Young Artist.

.NIUS and labour whilom were,
l inseparable pair.
y through different realms to roam,
:e was long made their chosen home,
ıce many models now may show,
near perfection they could go.
our'd scholar once they taught,
with their various talents fraught;
ealous of his rising fame,
to his merits made her claim.
ı I," says Genius, " thought inspire,
ing with bright celestial fire."
/as I," says Labour, " taught him art;
ery work the better part."—
: uninspir'd is spiritless."—
nius untaught is wild excess."—
ort, so fierce was the debate,
they resolv'd to separate.
e who from one a lesson took,
)ther instantly forsook.

Wild Fancy, undirected, strays,
With monstrous shapes, through tractless ways;
And timid Art laborious strains
For produce little worth the pains.
Good Sense and Taste, the friends of each,
Did what they could to heal the breach.
Their harmony though not complete,
They sometimes condescend to meet.
O make it then thy constant care,
To reunite the parted pair,
And from their gratitude receive
On Fame's immortal wreath to live.

FABLE XXX.

THE TWO DOGS.

Azor, his master gone from home,
To neighbour Tray would often come,
Who made him welcome to the bone,
He could full well have pick'd alone.
But times were chang'd. My Lord came back,
Azor was nothing left to lack.

His mind soon alter'd with his lot,
And honest Tray was quite forgot.
A Dog of fashion he would be,
For such low company could see.
One evening as he stately strode,
Tray met him on the public road,
Gallanting out, in collar rich,
My Lady's Pug, her Grace's Bitch.
The acquaintance was so much below him;
Azor determin'd not to know him.
"How Sir?" says Tray, "you know me not?
Are benefits so soon forgot?"
This said, he roll'd him in the gutter,
Went limping home revenge to mutter.
The Bitches squall'd; the Puppies swore,
Such rudeness ne'er was seen before.
"'Twas your own fault," cries worthy Tray,
To Azor, as he stole away;
"Should you again be left behind,
A welcome to my bone you'll find;
When these fine folks so much you court,
Would make your penury their sport."

FABLE XXXI.

THE WAITER AND HIS MASTER.

NEVER permit, if you are wise,
Woman or man to blind your eyes.

Some fasting youths without a sous,
To dine not knowing what to do,
Into a tavern boldly past;
Order'd a plentiful repast,
And when they'd ate and drank their fill,
Rung up the Waiter with the bill.
In generous mood they all contest,
Which of the set shall treat the rest.
Long they dispute, but can't agree;
That chance may settle which it be,
The foolish Waiter's eyes they band
With the white napkin in his hand;
And who the first of them is caught,
Shall pay the bill. The noodle sought
In every nook; while, one by one,
Away the laughing guests were gone.
The Master, wondering at the clatter,
Went up to see what was the matter;
When the Lad seizes him, and says,
"'Tis you, Sir, who the reckoning pays."

Unblindfolded, he then related,
How like a fool he had been cheated.

FABLE XXXII.

THE CLOWN AND THE SPECTACLES.

Fools think that sense is to be bought
In schools, where empty words are taught.

The Priest, when he to read begun,
A Clown had seen put glasses on;
And thinking he the same could do,
Resolv'd to have his glasses too.
In town next market-day he goes
To an optician's shop, who shows
Him spectacles for various eyes;
Pair after pair in vain he tries;
"No more," he says, "he reads the book,
Than if he were without to look."
The optician asks, "if he could read?"
"No; if I could, where were the need
Of Spectacles?" the Clown replies;
"I want a pair of reading eyes."

" Sir, to discover such a pair,
Might take more time than you can spare."
Answers the man. " My counsel take,
The best of these you have to make.
If, like the Vicar, you could see,
Believe me, you'd no wiser be."

FABLE XXXIII.

THE FAVOURITE PIGEON.

The partner of your prosp'rous hour,
Who shares your riches, pleasure, pow'r,
If flattering regard he shows,
You straight a Pylades suppose.
But gay, unguarded, unsuspecting,
The care of your estate neglecting,
Should you in adverse fortune fall,
And Pylades to aid you call,
Though left to perish in the flood,
The world will hold his conduct good;
And all the cold and selfish cry,
(God knows a sad majority)
Another's aid he can't expect
Who will his own affairs neglect;

He who all summer sings, may chance
In winter to be forc'd to dance;
So says the Ant, and she, we learn
From Scripture, can full well discern.
Errors you have, for who's without 'em?
While prosperous, no one thinks about 'em;
Vices perhaps, for few have not;
All in prosperity forgot.
Let fickle Fortune hide her face,
You soon will see a different case;
A hundred faults your friends will find,
Most adverse to your turn of mind.
To these, the microscope applied,
In self-complacency of pride;
Those, by malignant Envy seen,
Through concaves of short-sighted spleen.
And there should one, of kinder heart,
With useless pity take your part,
He'll find whatever he can say
Proverb'd and vilified away.
"He generous was, allow you must."
"Generous! he'd better have been just."
"Was he not charitable? come"—
"True charity begins at home."
"None ever yet denied him wit!"
"He never knew the use of it."
"To laugh at fools was once his whim."
"Fools in their turn now laugh at him."

—" He falls to calumny a prey,
Half lies what his detractors say."
—" There may be some exaggeration,
But doubtless there's too much foundation:
Smoke without fire whoever knew;
What all the world says must be true;
Faith, Sir, would you consult your own
You'd better leave his fame alone."

A Pigeon, of a valued breed,
From his young master's hand would feed;
Upon his knee and shoulder rest,
And much was cherish'd and caress'd.
From a fair bower upon the wall,
For food he had no need to call.
All sorts of grain and pulse were granted,
More than a dozen pigeons wanted.
His Dovecot neighbours every day
To Favourite came, their court to pay;
And while they glutted on his pease,
With well-turned flattery strove to please.
When he to visit them would go,
'Twas who should most attention show;
For him Miss Cropper swell'd her neck,
That colours of the rainbow deck;
The Widow Capuchine would coo,
Gently inviting him to woo;

ıd Lady Fantail do her best,
› be the partner of his nest.
" This is an honour, Sir, indeed,
ıat here you condescend to feed,
: home who so much better fare;
ıe best we have, we shall prepare;
ow happy, if some future day
mongst us you would deign to stay!
he study of our lives should be,
ith all your wishes to agree."—
he simple Bird thought all sincere,
nd reckon'd them his friends most dear.

The Youth now some new bauble got,
nd Favourite was quite forgot:
'ho, nought providing for before,
oon felt the failure of his store.
ut little this perplex'd his mind,
lace in the Dovecot sure to find.
'hither in confidence he flew,
His story they already knew)
My friends, I come, at last," he says,
Happy with you to pass my days."
'o give him welcome none advance,
ut eye him with a look askance.
Jo word of compliment is said,
Jor neck nor tail for him is spread.

At last replied an ancient dame,
" We're sorry, Sir, that here you came;
We scarce can of ourselves take care,
And really nothing have to spare."
Such language never us'd to hear,
Poor Favoritite scarce suppress'd a tear,
And off with indignation fled,
To shelter in his bankrupt shed;
Reduc'd, from all his wanton store,
To vagabond from door to door.

FABLE XXXIV.

DARWIN AND THE FOOL.

DARWIN one day an Idiot found,
Picking up ordure from the ground,
To throw it from a corner nigh
Upon the people passing by;
And smartly lash'd him with a wand,
By chance he carry'd in his hand.
The mother bawl'd (with rage inflam'd)
" Doctor, you ought to be asham'd

To strike a Fool." "Peace, woman," cries
The good Erasmus, "if you're wise;
A Fool he is, and so I treat him;
And otherwise should not have beat him;
But who nor shame nor reason knows,
Can only be reform'd by blows."

FABLE XXXV.

THE PHYSICIAN AND THE QUACK.

It is not talents that are rare,
But to discern them where they are.

A learn'd Physician said one day
To Doctor Solomon, "how, pray,
Comes it to pass that you have made,
An ample fortune in the trade,
With Balms of Gilead and such stuff,
While I have hardly made enough
To live upon, my art who know?"
"See," says the Quack, "yon crowd below,
Who gaze upon a dancing bear;
How many men of sense are there?"

" Why three or four perhaps at best."
" Well, those are yours and mine the rest."

FABLE XXXVI.

THE TRAVELLERS.

Hoc age let your motto be,
And strive to make your mind agree
With what you do ; whether your will
Determine it, or need compel.
All want to be where they are not,
And wish the present hour forgot.

At night one scampering out of town,
Offer'd to drive a neighbour down
A hundred miles before sun-rise.
" Thank you," he pleasantly replies,
" For the kind trouble you would take,
But I three days of it can make."

FABLE XXXVII.

THE SHORT-SIGHTED MAN.

SAID Philo to a noble sot,
Who sometimes bow'd and sometimes not,
As passing carelessly one day,
He seem'd to look another way,
Hark you! these airs will never do,
Between such men as me and you.
Know me, my Lord, then once for all,
Or here let all acquaintance fall,
To me indifferent which you choose,
But both, by G— you sha'nt refuse;
For if one day you are my crony,
And next as if I ne'er had known ye,
That joulter pate of yours I'll beat
Gainst the first post we chance to meet;
That all the town at last may know
Which is the harder of the two."

My story says, the Peer polite
Pleaded the shortness of his sight;

Embrac'd him tenderly; and swore
No man he lov'd and valued more;
And when he blinkt and cockt his glass,
Never for him short-sighted was.

FABLE XXXVIII.

THE MAN RESTORED TO HIS SENSES.

Would you be cherish'd by mankind,
Be to their vices deaf and blind.
God shield the man who dares pretend
His neighbour's faults to see and mend!

In Spain once liv'd, no matter where,
One could nor see, nor speak, nor hear.
All, high and low, with cheap good nature,
Look'd kindly on the harmless creature,
At the church door when on his stand,
With a small wallet in his hand,
None holy water took, but threw
Into blind Pedro's pouch a sous.

Miraculously cur'd one day,
(By whom the legend does not say,)
At once the miserable man
To see, and hear, and talk, began.
The honest soul, no guile who knew,
Suppos'd the rest as just, as true;
And thought, in pure simplicity,
That words and actions should agree.
When first their rogueries he perceiv'd,
His eyes and ears were scarce believ'd;
But when he could no longer doubt,
To all in plainness he spoke out;
Their conduct to their faces blam'd;
Told them they ought to be asham'd;
And daily warn'd them to repent,
As they to mass or vespers went.
Now honest Pedro, hated more
Than ever he was lov'd before,
The terror of the country grew;
Their charity they all withdrew,
And conscious fled where he appear'd:
At last a common pest declar'd,
He in the hospital deplor'd,
That ere his senses were restor'd.

FABLE XXXIX.

THE TWO BOOKS.

A QUARTO in Morocco drest,
On vellum paper, and hot-prest,
With fifty copperplates adorn'd,
Thus haughtily his neighbour scorn'd:
"What means the bookseller," he cried,
"To place me by this creature's side?
A thing in twelves, wrapt up in calf,
And printed quite to make one laugh!"
A *Savant* entering the shop,
To the oration put a stop.
"Sir," says the bookseller, "I've bought
The edition you so long have sought.
The precious work you now may own;"
Taking the Duodecimo down.
The learned man had in a trice
Secur'd the book and paid the price.
"What is that Quarto," then he said
So finely clad in gold and red?"
"Such works, for those who do not read,"
Says Mr Constable, "we need.
This is for them who purchase books
Not by their merit, but their looks;

It will not do for you, I know,
Who mind the matter, not the show."

FABLE XL.

THE SLEEP OF THE WICKED.

BENEATH a bower's protecting shade,
A wicked Minister was laid.
A gentle rivulet, winding round,
Murmuring, but made his sleep more sound.
" Should such a man have peaceful rest ?"
Said one who long had known the pest:
" Yes," says his friend," while thus he lies,
" The world a short repose enjoys."

FABLE XLI.

THE TYRANT AND THE PATRIOT.

IN ancient times a Monarch reign'd,
With every vice and folly stain'd.

His courtiers, who the rapine shar'd,
Him to the best of kings compar'd;
Medals were struck, and columns rais'd;
Titus and Trajan not so prais'd.
The people trembled at his nod,
And the priests liken'd him to God.
A Man there was, who boldly stood
The champion of the public good.
Nor wealth, nor honours could invite,
Nor menaces, nor dangers fright.
The peculating tribe appall'd,
On treason and sedition call'd:
Pulpits with his damnation sounded,
Praying his deeds might be confounded;
And the poor spirit-broken nation
Join'd in the courtly execration.
Heaven weary with his monstrous crimes,
The wretched Tyrant died betimes.
The lying legend and the bust
Were instant levell'd with the dust.
And history, with her iron pen,
Inscrib'd him as the worst of men.
The good Man too, with conscience blest,
Retir'd in sacred peace to rest:
And grateful monuments proclaim
The glory of his patriot name.
With honour stamp'd, his true renown
To long posterity goes down.

FABLE XLII.

THE GOOD MINISTER.

An honest Minister disgrac'd,
(Such are not easily replac'd)
Found the sweet leisure in his fields,
To virtuous minds retirement yields.
The King, who had his foes believ'd,
The loss of him e'er long perceiv'd.
To bring him back again intent,
To his retreat alone he went:
"My friend, you must return with me,"
He said, "your value now I see."
"Forgive me," the Recluse replied;
"Here I determine to abide.
By sad experience well I know,
Were I to court again to go,
And all my best endeavours do,
To serve my country, Sir, and you,
Art and intrigue so much prevail,
Again I certainly should fail;
Against your will and approbation,
And the good wishes of the nation,
You'd find yourself compell'd to yield,
And I once more must quit the field."

The honest man, who will not bend
To circumstance, or condescend
To pay his court to knave and fool,
Will never long a nation rule.

FABLE XLIII.

THE JOURNEY TO BABYLON.

A COUNTRYMAN, at break of day,
To Babylon began his way.
Sweet was the air; on every thorn
Birds caroll'd to the rising morn:
His ass was sleek, his heart content,
As lightly o'er the road they went,
Sure to arrive ere close of night,
He saw the journey with delight.
And now a troop came swift along;
Satraps and dames, a lordly throng,
On cars and camels mounted high,
With gems and robes of Tyrian die.
Out of the path he turn'd his ass,
To let the splendid pageant pass.

His joys were damp'd; a sigh arose,
When he compar'd himself with those.
"They will arrive," he said, "ere noon;
And I must bear the scorching sun.
On me, when proudly passing by,
They did not deign to cast an eye."
Absorb'd in thought, the rein he dropp'd;
The ass to brouze a thistle stopp'd.
Left to herself, she laid her down,
And he was from the saddle thrown.
When thus awaken'd from his trance,
He saw another band advance,
Trudging along in decent trim,
Mounted and habited like him.
Addressing one, as passing nigh,
He said, "it is in vain to try,
With all the efforts we can make,
Yon train we ne'er shall overtake."
"Of them we think not," said the man.
"Ours is, thank Heaven, a humbler plan.
To Babylon we do but pass;
Mounted on camel or on ass,
In silken robe, or linen vest,
What recks it, when we there shall rest?
Or on the way, so we can find,
A merry and contented mind?
And if, when you fell down just now,
An elephant had laid you low,

Surely so free from bruise or wound,
You had not risen from the ground."
And now a tribe they overtook,
Trudging on foot; with careless look
Who cheerful went, while laugh and song
Resounded through their motley throng.
When this he saw he felt asham'd,
His better fortune to have blam'd,
And with them willingly kept pace.
When they had travell'd on a space,
A troop in sore dismay they found,
Seated lamenting on the ground.
Banditti an attack had made
Upon the brilliant cavalcade
That pass'd him early in the day,
And taken all they had away.
The folks on foot, with kindly care,
Gave them the little they could spare;
And all alike, their journey done,
Enter'd the town at set of sun.

Learn from this tale, ye small and great,
To be contented with your fate.
Pleasures and pains impartial heaven
Appropriate to each class has given.
Of good and bad we all partake,
And e'en the best of it must make.

FABLE XLIV.

THE JOCKEY AND THE BETTERS.

MAN in his individual nature,
Is often a benignant creature;
Friends, lovers, parents, nothing spare
To shield the objects of their care;
Content themselves to suffer pain,
For these some happiness to gain.
As members of society,
A different character we see.
The spirit of a motley throng
Is systematically wrong.
Assemblies, councils, mobs, conventions,
Stand, right or wrong, on their pretensions;
To all extremities they go;
Nor reason nor compassion know.

A Jockey for his skill well known,
Once lost a race he might have won.
Inflam'd with rage, the losing crowd
Against the lad dire vengeance vow'd.
"What, rascal! thou the race hast lost;
Secure to win it had'st thou crost?"—
"Yes," said the youth, "I could have won;
But then a deed I must have done,

My life with misery would have fill'd:
The boy had certainly been kill'd."
With rage increas'd the losers cried,
"What right had you, Sir, to decide?
Your only business was to ride.
If the young fool so rash would be
The blame had fall'n on him not thee!"

FABLE XLV.

THE DOG AND THE QUAKER.

QUAKERS forbidd'n are by their teachers,
To lift their hand against God's creatures.
But, injur'd, their revenge to take,
Their instruments of others make.

A Dog had stol'n from one of these,
His evening mess of bread and cheese.
He struck him not; but calling out
"Mad Dog! mad Dog!" the rabble rout
Seizing on bludgeons, bricks, and stones,
Pursu'd the Dog, and broke his bones.

FABLE XLVI.

THE VILLAGERS OF THE ALPS.

IE favourite vices of a nation,
cherish with self-approbation:
l their ugliest colours shown,
very country but their own.

a deep vale, the Alps below,
e rise eternal hills of snow,
se gelid fountains through the dell,
throats with monstrous *goitres* swell,
ester'd from the public road,
lage has its calm abode.
ppen'd, on a Sabbath day,
curious ramblers lost their way;
down the mountain's side descended,
as the the parish bell had ended.
piously to meeting went.
congregation, all intent
resses they had never seen,
ir'd at first their novel mien.
when, their mantles laid aside,
female figures they descried,
necks like ivory columns round;
led laugh's convulsive sound

Ran through the church : the Pastor, sore
That he was listen'd to no more,
His congregation thus reprov'd ;
" What mean ye, brethren well belov'd !
If these good strangers' necks and faces
Want those appendages and graces
To you in kind profusion given,
Be grateful to indulgent Heaven ;
But do not treat with pride and scorn,
Those who less fortunate are born."

FABLE XLVII.

GENEROSITY.

Of all the deities that deign
Sometimes with mortals to remain,
None more capricious do we see,
Than charming Generosity.
Society she oft admits,
Her character that ill befits.
Vile Ostentation by her side,
Folly, Ambition, Wit, and Pride :

Then in her train you'll surely find,
Scorn and Ingratitude behind.
Sometimes with Justice she resides;
And sober Sense her judgment guides.
The weak assists, the poor supplies,
Assiduous in her charities.
Esteem, Respect attend upon her;
And all the world admire and honour.
Yet still who charity receives,
Is humbled by the hand that gives,
Confounded with the general poor;
And when the charity is o'er,
The gift repaid, the debt's no more.
In fame reward enough is given,
Clear conscience, and approving Heaven.
When with Benevolence she lives,
And the warm heart spontaneous gives;
Kind, tender, undemanded care,
And every delicacy there;
'Tis then her native beauties bright,
True love and gratitude excite.
Beneficence from self refin'd,
Subdues the most obdurate mind.

FABLE XLVIII.

THE HOUSEWIFE AND HER HEN.

A HOUSEWIFE once a Hen possess'd,
That every morning in her nest
Left a fine egg. Twice in the day
The Beldame wanted her to lay:
And so her nourishment increas'd,
Grown fat, to lay at all she ceas'd.

FABLE XLIX.

THE BOY AND THE WHISTLE.

A LAD much younger than the other,
Went with his brother
To the next town to see the fair.
At the first stall he met with there,
Pleas'd with the sight, he made a stop;
Wanted a sword, a hobby-horse, a top;
In short he wanted all the shop.

But Ben's was not a nabob's purse;
A shilling all that it contain'd;
So to one thing his choice must be restrain'd,
Ta'en, like a wife, for better and for worse.
At last a pretty Whistle caught his eye;
And when the sound he came to try,
Out flies the shilling in a trice,
And off he hops, delighted with his choice.
"Benny," his eldest brother said,
"Thy Whistle thou too dear hast paid."
Attracted by the fife and drum,
Now to the puppet show they come.
"Ladies and gentlemen walk in;
The play is just agoing to begin."
They pay their twopence, for it cost no more,
And Ben was left to whistle at the door;
But when, return'd, they painted to the life,
Punch, and the Devil, and Punch's wife,
He heav'd a sigh;
And in his pocket put his Whistle by.
They saw the monkeys too without him,
And his companions seem'd to flout him.
Now every nook and alley past,
They at an eating-stall arriv'd at last.
Of pudding, beef, and pie a goodly show;
For fourpence you might eat your fill.
I trow they wanted not the will;
But with a hearty appetite fell to.

To seem content poor Ben did what he could.
But all appear'd so nice, and smelt so good,
A tear in spite of him stood in his eye.
Too much a man to cry,
He strove in smiles his sorrow to conceal,
Wishing the harmless Whistle at the De'il.

Learn from this tale, that he who is in haste
To gratify each appetite and taste
Nor of futurity takes heed,
Life's decencies and comforts soon will need.

FABLE L.

THE SUPERANNUATED ACTOR.

Barry long grac'd the tragic scene,
And so improvident had been,
That he remain'd upon the stage,
When crippled with disease and age.
Playing a lover's part one day,
The following words he was to say,
With action suiting love's alarms:
" O let me rush into her arms!"

His rushing days, alas, were o'er;
And standing still upon the floor,
He alter'd thus the poet's terms:
"O let her rush into my arms."
And on those boards sad laughter rais'd,
Where he so often had been prais'd.

FABLE LI.

THE TRAVELLER.

THE man thro' rough roads who his journey has sped,
From sunrise to evening's dim close;
Sups quickly, and calls for his candle and bed,
Impatient from toils to repose.
So, when weary and old, we have struggled our way,
Through this troublesome warfare and strife;
We are glad to lie down at the end of the day;
Old age is the bed-time of life.

FABLE LII.

THE CARD-HOUSE.

A child with extasy survey'd
A House of Cards he just had made.
A breath of air past lightly by;
The towers in spotted ruins lie;
And screaming agonies declare
His inconsolable despair.
Another house he then began,
On a more sure and solid plan;
And built it up so trim and tight,
All came to view the charming sight;
And flatter'd so the happy elf,
With his performance and himself,
He talk'd of nothing else all day.
The next produc'd some newer play;
And weary of his castle grown
With his own breath he blew it down.

What is to-day our joy or sorrow,
Is oft the contrary to-morrow.
Disgust succeeds to admiration,
And hate to love, in sad rotation.
Through life a steady course to bear
Is wise; but difficult and rare.

FABLE LIII.

THE TWO SONS.

DULNESS will often find its way;
And wit and genius lead astray.

Two Sons an honest Tradesman had;
One a good plodding stupid lad,
The other full of fire and glee,
And sprightly ingenuity.
Reclin'd upon his dying bed,
He call'd his Boys, and thus he said;
" You," to the dull one, " nothing need,
In the world certain to succeed;
And you I leave, my clever friend,
A fortune, I much fear you'll spend."

FABLE LIV.

THE OLD ADMIRAL.

An Admiral of high renown,
When war broke out, was call'd to town.
"By your known prowess, Sir," they said,
"Our fleets to victory must be led."
"My Lords," the Veteran replied,
"Lay us old instruments aside.
We have, in war's uncertain trade,
A character and fortune made,
Which we to keep shall more desire,
Than risk them, new ones to acquire;
Old men may counsel and advise;
Take youth for vigorous enterprise."

FABLE LV.

THE LANDLORD AND HIS GUESTS.

At dinner, at a rich man's board,
The company, with one accord,
Turbot and ven'son well repays,
With flattery and high season'd praise;
And as his Burgundy they quaff,
Ere he the jest, they raise the laugh;
Amongst his merits, all agree,
"None knows the world so well as he!"
One Man alone, in all the throng,
Had eat his soup and held his tongue:
With his cold silence somewhat mov'd,
"You seem, Sir, to have disapprov'd
What has been said?" the Master cry'd;
The Stranger modestly replied,
"Sir, in the humble state I live,
I seldom praise or censure give.
My reprehension who would heed?
Or who my approbation need?
I with the world have long ago
Clos'd my accounts, and nothing owe."
The Master, little us'd to hear
Language so simple and sincere,

To listen further was inclin'd,
And begg'd of him to speak his mind:
" When prais'd because the world I knew,
I saw you thought it not my due;
For I observ'd you shake your head,
As disapproving what was said."
" If less I've said," replied the guest,
" I'm not less grateful than the rest.
And God forbid, that ever you
Mankind like me should closely view,
You, who have still been us'd to see,
Men, as you wish that they should be.
I too have known a brilliant state;
And with prosperity elate,
My house, like yours, was the resort
Of crowds, so well who paid their court,
That each I thought a solid friend,
On whom I firmly could depend,
And lent and gave till all was gone;
But then a different scene came on.
The averted visage in the street,
If one of them I chanc'd to meet,
Or if he look'd me in the face,
A cold salute, and starch grimace,
Warn'd me that all regard was o'er,
Since I could give and lend no more.
Too much I your attention take—
But you commanded me to speak."

The Host all evening thoughtful sat;
The praise, unmark'd, grew dull and flat;
And Guests dropp'd one by one away,
Nor were invited for next day.

FABLE LVI.

JUPITER AND THE FEMALE SEX.

In the first ages, when the world was new,
And Gods came sometimes down their works to view,
The softer Sex complain'd to Jove, that Heaven
To them a hard unequal lot had given;
"The Men," they said,
"Might be inconstant to the marriage-bed,
And for their wanderings scarce were blam'd;
But if, by nature form'd more frail,
A Female in her wedded duties fail,
For life her character defam'd,
Victim of obloquy and shame,
A miserable exile she became."
"Can it be just," they argued, "to insist,
Weakness than strength more firmly should resist?

Either the force of Men they ought to gain,
Or their impunity obtain;
To their hard case they begg'd, in brief,
Jove graciously would please to grant relief."
The fairest of his works to hear,
He lent a condescending ear;
And smiling, thus replied:
" For your own sakes your prayers must be denied.
If they were granted, from that hour
Adieu to all your power.
In this, 'tis nature's laws that regulate
The sage decrees of Fate.
Of texture vigorous and strong,
Commanding qualities to Men belong:
Fortitude, wisdom, and integrity.
A Woman's honour lies in chastity;
Mothers and wives ye are design'd to be:
That lost, these sacred titles are no more;
The native dignity is o'er,
Whose irresistible controul
Awes and restrains the impetuous appetite;
Teaches pure love to elevate the soul,
And every virtuous energy excite.
Creation's lords, who all the rest subdue,
Submit their conquests and themselves to you;
Not to unblushing impudence;
But to the modest pride of innocence;

The delicate reserve, the timid grace,
All art's refinements never can replace.
  The unsuspecting simple maid,
  By love and confidence betray'd,
  Indulgent sympathy may claim.
" But," says the God, contracting more his brows,
" No sympathy adulterous love allows.
  And when the wedded dame
Belies the solemn pledge to Heaven,
      Upon our altars given,
  Pandora's casket gave not birth
To any crime that more pollutes the earth.
When the sad mother of a dubious race,
  Stamp'd with a vile adulterer's face,
  Husband and family forsakes,
  And to her paramour betakes,
      Their lot must be,
By our irrevocable just decree,
  To live unpitied and forlorn,
  Blasted with infamy and scorn;
  Ingenuous shame expell'd the mind,
  Admittance never more to find.
Be ye but prudent, mild, submissive, chaste,
With all my power, no more I can bestow;
  The choice in your own breasts is plac'd,
To be the first or last of creatures here below."

FABLE LVII.

CUPID AND THE BEE.

Lur'd with the sweets, the glutton Love,
Unseen, to rob a bee-hive strove.
A Bee, the boldest of the band,
Darted her sting into his hand.
Writhing with pain, he stamps the ground,
And runs to shew Mama the wound;
Sobbing, " 'tis quite a monstrous thing,
A fly should have so sharp a sting!"
His fury Venus smiles to see.
" What!" says she, " conquer'd by a Bee?
Where were your pointed arrows then,
That subjugate both Gods and men?
Dare you complain of winged things
That in the vitals fix their stings?"

FABLE LVIII.

AMORE FUGITIVO.

VENUS SPEAKS.

" QUEEN of the Graces and the Loves,
To earth I guide my weary doves.
Two days ago, upon my knee,
Through spite or inadvertency,
Cupid, in playing with a dart,
Gave me a wound still pains my heart.
Of present punishment in dread,
Away the conscious urchin fled.
In mothers' breasts soft pity pleads;
And love to anger soon succeeds.
I've left unsearch'd no nook in Heaven;
Through every distant star have driven,
Planet and fix'd, have trac'd them round;
My Boy is nowhere to be found.
To you, dear mortals, I descend,
To claim the office of a friend.
With you my Son delights to dwell;
Whene'er he comes you treat him well.
O, if you can, some notice give,
To find the lovely fugitive!

Ladies, as virtuous as you're fair,
With you to find him I despair.
Round your bright forms though oft he flies,
Basks in the sunshine of your eyes,
Or in your auburn tresses plays,
And all his winning arts displays,
Access to your cold hearts to gain,
His prayers and tears and smiles are vain.
Of all his traitorous wiles aware,
Not one of you admits him there.
Men, 'tis from you the boon I ask;
On you impose the gentle task.
Ah, quick restore my heart to joy,
And give me back my vagrant Boy.
On him, his hiding-place who shows,
Venus a nectar'd kiss bestows:
By Styx to this I will abide;—
Where does the little rebel hide?
None answers me! Perhaps he lies
Unnotic'd, in some sly disguise;
His wings and quiver laid aside,
And all his attributes of pride;
In simple dress, with manners mild,
He passes for a common child.
But listen to the marks I give;
The impostor will no more deceive.
Though ages since his birth have roll'd,
In cunning and experience old,

With infant face and artless mien,
Still is the beauteous stripling seen.
Restless, from place to place he strays;
Loves merry games and laughing plays;
Sports, which, though harmless they appear,
Are death to those who come too near.
Soon angry made, and soon appeas'd;
With nothings cross'd, with nothings pleas'd.
Causeless alike, he hopes and fears,
And smiles are mingled with his tears.
With burnish'd gold the ringlets vie,
That thick upon his forehead lie;
Shorter behind, a neck they show,
As ivory smooth, as white as snow.
Bright living tints of rosy red
Upon his glowing cheeks are spread;
His ardent eyes he darts askance,
That shoot a treacherous side-long glance.
His melting voice drops honey round;
Resistless music in the sound,
The unsuspecting heart betrays,
In broken and ambiguous phrase;
Fantastic thoughts of gilded toys,
Delusive hopes, imagin'd joys,
Wild gestures, playful revelry,
Lascivious boldness in his eye,
His mouth all dimpled o'er with smiles,
Insidious masks of amorous wiles,

Seducing to some dire mistake,
As flowers conceal the venom'd snake.
The pilgrim poor, in lowly plight,
Begs food and lodging for a night;
To enter thus in humble guise
At first the sly adventurer tries.
But when admittance once he gains,
The fawning slave a tyrant reigns;
Secures each passage to the heart;
Forces old inmates to depart,
With lodgers strange their place to fill,
As pleases his capricious will,
With wayward humour reason binds,
And rules despotic o'er your minds.
Now all his marks and signs you know:
Say, does he harbour here below?
What! silent still? Perhaps you try
To hide him from his Mother's eye?
Keep love unknown! O project wise!
No, not an hour conceal'd he lies;
A look, a word, the truth betrays,
Discover'd in a thousand ways;
As one, seduc'd with specious forms,
An adder in his bosom warms;
The fatal prize he would conceal
Loud shrieks and flowing blood reveal.
—Adieu then—other realms to try,
Before my Doves ascend the sky."

FABLE LIX.

COQUETRY.

AT's Coquetry do you ask?
: disguise, a painted mask,
worn but to conceal
too ugly to reveal.
leon like, she takes the hue
:y object in her view;
)lours wears; but is by nature
, dingy, shabby creature:
mon glass, all forms reflecting;
ing none, and none rejecting;
o'-wisp, that through the fog,
you to flounder in a bog.
)ler, who invites your stakes,
n false coin her own she makes.
, with downcast eye is seen,
r virtue's decent mien;
rrow makes a pride of sin,
ie a charming libertine:
ewife, wanton, prude, or wit,
:rent tastes intent to hit:

'Tis, in one word, dissimulation,
Form'd on the lust of admiration.
By vanity or interest guided,
Where truth or passion ne'er presided,
With artful beauty's aid she rules
A herd of soft believing fools.
Cold vanity is satisfied
With homage to her beauty's pride;
And loving her sweet self alone,
Would win all hearts to keep her own.
The wary Damsel spreads her snares
For none but lords and wealthy heirs;
And when she seems most sentimental,
Is thinking of their rank and rental;
And once her fortune fairly made,
Abandons the coquetish trade;
But mistress, widow, maid, or wife,
Poor vanity toils on through life;
Nor scorn, nor ugliness, nor age,
Abate her everlasting rage.
  How differently does Chloe charm!
No treacherous art, no false alarm.
With native unaffected grace,
The light of heaven upon her face,
Her teeth of pearl, and lips of rose,
Insidious smiles did ne'er compose.
For love refin'd and friendship made,
She scorns Coquetry's paltry trade;

And heedless of the adoring throng,
Pursues her gentle course along.
The more beheld, the more desir'd;
The better known, the more admir'd;
The few she loves, intent to please,
The rest can ne'er disturb her ease;
On no new conquest nightly dreams;
And is the lovely thing she seems.

FABLE LX.

THE ROSE'S LOOKING-GLASS.

VIRGINS, who trace the silvery tide,
Gay as the flowers that paint its side,
Admire yon Rose! The orient beam
Gilds its fair image in the stream;
While in the waters, as they flow,
With pride she sees herself below.
See Virgins, see! the rising storm
Bends to the earth the beauteous form;
The waves her scatter'd petals chase
That mirror'd late her beauteous face.

Behold, she hangs her leafless head,
Her vernal charms forever fled.

So, Virgins, so your brightest day
The stream of time shall bear away.

FABLE LXI.

THE LILY.

Why, gentle Lily, dost thou dwell,
In the lone forsaken dell?
Why thy timid graces shade,
In the dim sequester'd glade?
Yet, fair flower, thy modest bloom
Sheds a tender soft perfume,
More delightful to the sense
Than summer's gaudier tribes dispense.

Lily, we may find in thee,
An emblem of simplicity;
Both have many a sweet in store,
For those who humble worth explore.

FOUR SATIRES.

Repentes per humum.

SATIRE I.

It has from ancient times been said,
That reason occupies the head,
And sensibility the heart.
But thus to each a separate part
To give, I never can agree:
'Tis surely from their unity,
That men as wise and good are known;
Nor sense nor virtue dwell alone.
Without a guide, vague sentiment
Fails of all object and intent;
And small experience will see,
Who would be wise, must virtuous be:
Wisdom is not where passions rule,
And no good man was e'er a fool.
And though men wisdom's name profane
To their dishonest arts of gain,
To lying, tortuous politics,
And all chicanery's dirty tricks,
While good and generous they miscal,
The dupes who in their trammels fall;
Ten thousand cases one might name,
Where vice and folly are the same;
And none the moral world supplies,
Where to be virtuous is not wise.

And vices are the worst by far,
When they the mark of virtue wear.
One will adopt some savage state,
That his next neighbours he may hate.
Another blacks from bondage save,
And whites not hinder to enslave.
Philanthropy is bound by laws,
And like attraction's centre, draws
The nearest things with greatest force;
Such is plain nature's simple course:
Who feigns a love for all mankind,
Love nothing but himself, you'll find.
The passions, in their native bent,
For the best purposes were lent;
And reason's natural employ
Is to direct them, not destroy;
To cherish virtuous sympathy,
And shun a monkish apathy.
The passions, in a liberal heart,
Virtue excite, support impart:
Love many a Cymon has inspir'd;
The patriot's breast ambition fir'd;
And anger, in a generous cause,
Assists and animates the laws:
But virtue never yet resided,
Where cold indifference abided.
Give me a rough, intemperate hater,
Of petty faults a peevish rater,

Hot, testy, easy to offend,
Jealous of mistress and of friend,
Rather than that white-blooded creature.
Who cares for no one thing in nature.
'Tis not from what men write or speak,
That we their characters must take;
But from the tenor of their lives
To neighbours, servants, children, wives.
Do they to pay, due pains bestow,
The debt they to their country owe?
The vanities of life despise?
By paths oblique disdain to rise?
In conscience pure a solace find,
For the rash judgments of mankind?
Does reconcilement seek their door?
Have they the blessings of the poor?
Some poverty of spirit feign
That weight and influence they may gain,
And of mere worldly things debate
With violence and party hate.
The tyrant of his family,
Oft loudest bawls for liberty.
Seditious libels this man writes;
And if attention he excites,
Sells his small talent to the court,
What worst is doing to support.
Ended their interest or their pride,
Old patriots peaceably subside

Into good courtiers ; passing glad,
If place or pension can be had ;
And the same measures, without shame,
Defend to-day, to-morrow blame ;
Veer night about, and hardly deign
A mock consistency to feign.
Wealth is the god that all adore ;
The only shame is to be poor.
Our fathers, with a small estate,
Thought honour ill exchang'd for plate.
Preferr'd a name without reproach,
To four lac'd footmen and a coach ;
Their plenteous meals and manly sports,
To lackying ministers and courts.
A gentleman, in days of yore,
Preserv'd, but not increas'd, his store :
" My sons," he said, " improve these fields,
And live on what their produce yields.
Dare to be honourably poor,
And fly from luxury's tainted lure."
Such maxims did our fathers teach ;
Their sons far other doctrines preach ;
The profits of a storm to rate,
Or on a famine calculate ;
And war promote, as a good trade,
Where a quick fortune may be made :
" Get money ; fairly, if you can,
If not, on any other plan.

Who cares whence came the golden spoils,
From perfumes or from stinking oils?
Though from the last your bags you fill,
The money will smell pleasant still."
Wealth in its glory to explore,
Advert to Coromandel's shore.
Behold a strange amphibious thing,
Half merchant, soldier, lawyer, king,
Extort from the defenceless tribe
Its last resource as gift or bribe;
Monopolize its scanty food,
Or lash to fields of civil blood;
That lack on lack may swell his store,
The Bramins find their pulse no more;
Till contracts now, and now the sword,
Exterminate the suppliant horde.
In palanquin, with full-blown pride,
On necks of Seapoys see him ride,
Marshall'd in laughable parade,
Such tricks no monkey ever play'd;
Stretch'd at his length supine he lies,
And all below disdainful eyes.
Tyrant abroad, now see him come
To cringe the meanest slave at home;
Like Damocles, still sup in dread
Of law impending o'er his head;
That ministers his cause may aid,
In patronage and boroughs trade;

A merchandize more base and vile
Than smuggler's hands did e'er defile.
His glittering fanes and turrets rise
To mock the vengeance of the skies;
The antique splendours of the peer
Eclips'd, fall back and disappear;
His wife at court and opera seen,
Stuck o'er with gems might tempt a queen;
No virtue to redeem his crimes,
He glares, the meteor of the times;
But vice supplies the eluded laws;
He on himself due vengeance draws;
Games in the alley; and undone,
The bankrupt ends where he begun.
From high to low, the vapid nation
Are slaves to mode and affectation.
Domestic comforts they forego,
For vanity and outside show;
Like him upon the bran who fed,
And powder'd with the flour his head.
The young are insolent and cold;
Frivolous, the unrespected old;
Few matrons rules or models give,
To teach their daughters how to live;
Good-breeding, manners, polish'd wit,
Deportments for each station fit,
Are out of date; all clad we see
In selfish insipidity.

Quizzing, good lack! is all the go;
If what this be you want to know,
It is not easy to define
What has nor object nor design;
A foolish, impudent pretence,
Sworn enemy to common sense.
Passing through Bond-Street once, alone,
I met a fellow I had known.
The usual salutations past,
"Where do you come from, Sir?" I ask'd;
"You've been abroad?"—"I have, by God."—
"Were you amus'd?"—"All seem'd damn'd odd;
To rise at nine and dine at two,
For men of spirit would not do;
Jack Dumm and I surpris'd them much;
Of life and fun we gave a touch;
Where'er we went, it was our sport
To *quiz* the prince and all his court."
Society, in different times,
Varies in virtues as in crimes;
And all have much to praise and blame;
For man has ever been the same.
In life's ill-acted puppet-show,
When we the springs and pullies know,
Scarce hid behind the tatter'd scene,
That move about the poor machine,
The coarse deception is no more;
E'en curiosity is o'er.

Weary to see the known grimace,
And the old jest new laughter raise,
'Tis others must the benches fill,
Tho' lying wonders stuff the bill.
While Honour's dictates you pursue,
Never of Prudence lose the view.
The best intentions, without this,
Nine times in ten their object miss.
Fly Avarice like a pestilence.
Bounties and charities dispense,
Extensive as your means can reach;
But let foreseeing prudence teach,
That no resource for age who save,
Descend unhonour'd to the grave.
Life's varied scene they best have past
Who with the world have traffick'd least.
Who cultivate their field and garden,
Nor care for empty fame a farthing.

SATIRE II.

THUS Pope does in a single line,
What is good government define.

" For forms," he says, " let fools contest,
The best administer'd is best."
Could we at will be sure to find
A ruler of superior kind,
Brave, mild, intelligent, and just,
Who none not like himself would trust,
For the well-being of the state,
His power could never be too great.
An aristocracy the prize
Might bear, were great men good and wise.
Or the mad million bear the rule,
If not a many-headed fool.
The contract is : Men freedom give
That they protection may receive.
And these should be commensurate,
In a well regulated state.
If I were ask'd what countries are
Best minister'd, I should declare,
Those, where men most protection find,
For the least liberty resign'd;
And have the best security,
The execution good shall be.
This is the problem to resolve!
Ye theorists, on this revolve.
'Tis Britain only has acquir'd
The point so rare, so much desir'd,
That whether well or ill men sway,
All must alike the laws obey.

Not that the lord of proud domains
An independent tyrant reigns;
But that the peasant, in his cell,
Is safe as in a citadel:
Though open to the wind and rain,
The King and all his martial train
Dare not invade the latched door,
Were he the poorest of the poor.
If kings have their prerogative,
Their legal rights the subjects have;
Both on the same foundation stand;
This is the charter of the land.
While this palladium we preserve,
Courtiers or demagogues may serve
Corruption's or sedition's cause,
And baffle or evade the laws;
Dark influence gain the venal tribe,
Seduce, contaminate, and bribe;
Choose the least fit, proscribe the best;
And make subserviency the test;
Absolve a knave, promote a fool,
And decorate a dirty tool;
Work on the stupid people's fear,
Encroachments on their rights to bear;
As long as she the storm outlives,
The constitution soon revives;
The chains shook off, renews her course
With fresh, invigorated force.

A reformation should be wrought,
For injuries that time has brought;
But who the fabric would repair,
To shake foundations must beware.
Our ruin from without must come,
We fear not knaves nor fools at home:
And who with tranquil eyes explores,
What passes upon other shores.
Realm after realm has sunk away,
By your false maxims led astray.
The aid you give, for partial ends,
Has made them foes instead of friends;
Till not a port on Europe's shore
Admits Britannia's pennant more.
Think you with vulgar low abuse
A thousand legions to reduce?
When things grow worse, from year to year,
What in the world can be more clear,
Than, if thus suffer'd to go on,
That you at last must be undone?
Be affluent as you will, and brave,
Peace only can the country save.
And a safe peace we might obtain,
For this plain cause; the foe would gain
Much that he wants, as well as we;
In peace their interest both should see.
Whenever peace is to be had,
Some sacrifices must be made;

And a broad common basis found
Upon the fair and solid ground
Of mutual advantages,
Not mutual animosities.
Who would on vain punctilios stand,
When question is to save the land?
His patriot feelings I revere,
Of yore, who cry'd out "strike, but hear;"
And he who said it was, I trow,
As brave and wise as some we know:
'Tis madness, warfare to maintain,
For views impossible to gain.
Britons, the hurricane draws near!
A steady hand the bark must steer;
Or her inevitable doom,
Wreck'd and dismantled to become.
When a sick man has long delay'd
To call a sage physician's aid;
The doctor come, applies his art,
To sound and probe the peccant part;
And where the symptoms dangerous are,
He never scruples to declare,
If something quickly be not done,
A fatal gangrene must come on.
"The knife," he says, "we now must use,
Unless your life you mean to lose."
But if an ignorant he be,
Or cares for nothing but his fee,

The patient's fears he satifies
With flattering promise till he dies.—
  But here, exclaim'd my list'ning friend,
"What by all this do you pretend?"
Is it in metred prose enough
To dress such trite old-fashion'd stuff,
To make men truth and reason hear?
Nothing on earth so much they fear.
The grocer, while his sugars sell,
Will still maintain that all goes well.
The army, navy, church, and bar,
Cry for interminable war,
While ministers shall warlike be;
Judge, bishop, general, they would be;
Interest and party they pursue,
Nor heed if they the rest undo.
Against the lust of power and gain
An angel's tongue would plead in vain.
John Bull, you know, in beer-wrought doze,
Sees not an inch beyond his nose.
What are you dreaming of, in verse
To write a pamphlet? and, what's worse,
A dull one too? Your ambling Muse
Might something more diverting choose.
Plutarch a story has, you know,
Not to our times less apropos:
A famous orator, one day,
At Athens something had to say

Of great importance; long, in vain,
He strove an audience to obtain.
The people would not hear him speak,
Tho' 'twas Demosthenes in Greek.
"A pleasant tale I have to tell,"
At last, he cried, "if you think well?"
Bid to proceed; "A man there was,"
He said, "Who lately hir'd an ass
And his possessor, for a day,
Some goods to Megara to convey.
Passing, at noon, a sandy glade,
Without a single bush for shade;
The sun insufferably hot,
Behind his ass the driver got.
The traveller deny'd his right;
The beast, he said, was his till night.
But not his shadow, cries the man,
And here a sharp dispute began."
This said, Demosthenes got down;
But all bawl out, go on! go on!
"Ho, ho, he cries," wise men ye are,
Who would a silly story hear
About the shadow of an ass,
And won't be told of things that pass,
Which that you instantly should learn
Your very being may concern."

SATIRE III.

THE ethnical religions taught,
That present blessings might be bought,
And human ill avoided be,
By gifts and acts of piety.
Of manners they took little care;
And so as men devout but were,
Promis'd them much of worldly good,
Be as immoral as they wou'd.
The priests promoted the deceit,
The stupid populace to cheat;
Led by false oracles astray
Through superstition's devious way.
Nor were the vicious more restrain'd,
By what the poets idly feign'd,
Of Pluto and his realms below,
Where airy forms promiscuous go;
And bards' and heroes' vacant shades
Repose in groves and sun-bright glades;
And allegoric pains were given,
At will of a vindictive Heaven.
A future state, and for mankind
Rewards and punishments assign'd,
As good or evil they had done,
To every nation was unknown.

Beyond blind reason's narrow reach,
This God himself could only teach.
Sages had long their wisdom bent,
Systems of ethics to invent,
And many a master form'd his plan,
To regulate the life of man,
And draw the line 'twixt bad and good
As well as darkling reason cou'd;
The secrets of the world unknown
Could be reveal'd by Heav'n alone.
One, in an apathy profound *
Taught that perfection must be found.
Another would exalt the view,
Ideal beauty to pursue †.
A third, because we're oft deceiv'd,
Held nothing ought to be believ'd ‡;
A fourth, the sovereign good would see
In peace and sensuality §.
But in one doctrine all agree;
The social duties to commend
Of husband, father, brother, friend,
Son, citizen, and all the ties,
That mortals bind and humanize.
When in God's time, he sent his light,
To guide our vagrant reason right,

* The Stoics. † Plato. ‡ Academics. § Epicurus.

With it descended from above
Peace, candour, charity, and love;
Affectionate regard it taught;
Indulgence for another's fault,
And pardon to his errors shown,
Would we be pardon'd for our own.
Humble in every state to be;
Nor hate our bitterest enemy;
That 'tis the faultless man alone
Should at the culprit cast the stone;
Our neighbours as ourselves to love,
If God's protection we would prove;
And that to others you must do,
As you would have them act by you;
And if in this corrupted state
Virtue and vice share equal fate,
This fleeting life of trial past,
Long justice will be done at last;
Doctrines more pure, sublime and true,
Than Socrates or Plato knew.
Yet, in this blessed dispensation
Of universal toleration,
Bigots and hypocrites can find
A privilege to curse mankind;
Will pride and persecution preach,
And men to hate each other teach;
With impious arrogance presume,
The title of elect to assume:

Would be believ'd a chosen race,
Minion'd with God's peculiar grace;
The favour'd delegates of Heav'n,
To them the censor's power is giv'n,
Into their neighbours faults to pry,
Their pious pride to sanctify.
Strange lying miracles pretend,
To prove the Almighty is their friend;
Who nature's course must interrupt,
If some vile preacher has not supt;
And all good works, as vain, reject,
If not of their exclusive sect;
And to beatitudes prefer
The slang of canting minister.
Let us do good and fly from ill,
In spite of Huntington and Hill;
Comfort the sick, the poor relieve,
A covering to the naked give,
Visit the prisoner in his need,
The passing stranger kindly speed,
And not suspend the gracious deed,
Lest motives that our hearts incline
Should human be, and not divine;
Nor think salvation must be had
By running melancholy mad.
A fanatic much more I dread
Than him on public plunder fed;

Or the incendiary, high and low,
Whose trade sedition is to sow.
Men to rebel, Yorke, Thelwall, Paine,
Long ply'd, with suited arts, in vain;
Mad Gordon, in a single night,
Fell insurrection could excite.
A civil game all warfares are,
If we with bigot feuds compare.
On necks of kings when pontiffs trod,
And govern'd in the name of God,
Popery was then a dang'rous thing;
Reason long since has drawn its sting;
Indulgent now we men may leave,
Each his own way his soul to save.
Religion, morals, order, right,
Call on all bosoms to unite;
And with one mind assert the cause
Of conscience, liberty, and laws;
To join as brothers hand to hand,
From plunderers to defend the land;
Watch that no knaves our sense trepan,
And keep our freedom—if we can.
By God's command, in prayer we plead,
Into temptation not to lead.
Then, when our stations we select,
Should we not cautiously reject
Those we can hardly make agree
With sacred laws of honesty?

Why in dark politics engage?
Or plunge in war's revengeful rage?
Through wiles of trade why riches seek?
Or learn insidiously to speak,
Money to gain, or false applause,
'Gainst truth, and justice, and the laws?
An angry controversy read,
Or hear a well-fed lawyer plead,
Or a debate in parliament;
Is any on the truth intent?
All do but advocate the side
That suits their interest or their pride.
And if, seceding from the throng,
One shall maintain such conduct wrong,
He, an eccentric being deem'd,
Is not considered nor esteem'd.
Yet ask yon honourable peer,
Whose conscience custom cannot sear,
If, when a knave-approving vote
Passes reluctant through his throat,
He does not feel it bitterer far,
Than bitterest gall and wormwood are?
  Good sentiments and common sense
Are better guides than eloquence.
Rhetoric, in vague ambiguous words,
Its harlot gloss as well affords,
To what is false as what is true;
And things most opposite can shew,

In such a glare of dazzling light,
We lose all sense of wrong and right.
Who estimate men's sense by this,
Find to their cost they judg'd amiss.
Nor specious argument, nor wit,
Nor flowing periods, prove men fit,
Howe'er in these they may excell,
Action to lead or counsel well;
Or view, with penetrating eye
The abilities that latent lie.
Language consists of names of things;
Which each its proper image brings—
Of attributes and qualities;
Inseparably found with these—
Their movements and their actions then;
Which still the mental eye can ken—
These to realities relate;
The signs and things co-adequate:
These science for her province takes,
While palpable to sense she makes
All that with these she true affirms.
But general and abstract terms
Fix'd and determin'd are so ill,
They signify just what you will;
To nothing real are confin'd,
And raise no image in the mind;
And only should be us'd to show,
The bounds o'er which we cannot go.

The reign of pedantry was o'er;
The vacant schools had shut their door;
Science new paths had pointed out,
And taught sagaciously to doubt:
But restless is the human mind,
And by no boundaries confin'd;
And folly a less dangerous guide,
Than reasoning when misapplied.
As caustics, in the healing art,
When spread upon the morbid part,
Where proud excrescences, elate,
Prevent sound flesh to granulate,
Promote a salutary end;
But should an ignorant pretend
Such potent remedies to use,
A worse disorder they produce;
Corrode at once the false and true,
And bones and marrow piercing through,
A grangrene's livid marks are found,
'Stead of a medicable wound.
Her light to spread o'er every land,
Philosophy, with desperate hand,
Around her torch had madly hurl'd,
And set on fire a peaceful world:
The flames, for sixteen years that burn,
Menace a barbarous time's return;
Abroad, if pirates we become,
Coarse morals must prevail at home;

And though, perhaps, in better days,
It never was a Briton's praise,
With winning gracefulness and ease,
To reach the happy art to please;
A stout, indignant love of right,
Esteem, much worthier, could excite.
If this high character be gone,
And venal interest rule alone,
Old England's sun must soon descend,
And all her well-earn'd glories end.
In plaintive woe, the muse laments,
For she is good, these dire events;
Prepares to break her mortal lyre,
And to her native heaven retire.
Why has fate doom'd me here to stay,
To see this lamentable day?
Born in blest days, when social ties,
Grim war itself could humanize,
And terminate in friendly peace,
Why have I seen these blessings cease?
Then nations with each other vied,
In generous hospitable pride:
But, good or bad, or right or wrong,
Nothing is stationary long,
Natural and moral pass away;
All bear the seeds of their decay.
The intercourse of arts and trade,
That Europe one republic made,

Had much relax'd the patriot nerve;
That independence must preserve;
Science and commerce are not bold,
And iron is the lord of gold.
Uncheck'd, a manichean power,
With baleful influence rules the hour.
Some nook, sequester'd, let me find,
Where postman's horn did never wind;
Where no gazette sad tidings brings,
Of ravag'd realms, and exil'd kings;
To tell his tale, no traveller come,
Of shame abroad and want at home.
From men, their follies and their crimes
Remote, and guiltless of the times.

SATIRE IV.

B.

WHAT to my fables do you say?

A.

You for the sale of them must stay;
Your bookseller the best can tell,
If you have done them ill or well.
What takes, is good; what fails, is not:
Reviews must fix the author's lot.
If not than those we have much better,
You have achiev'd no mighty matter.
Possessors must not be expell'd,
Unless they clearly are excell'd.

B.

To rival these I did not mean;
For then their works I scarce had seen.
Chas'd by dire war half Europe o'er,
To Gothland's hyperborean shore,
Ice-bound, in dark and cheerless clime,
I wrote to cheat the lingering time.
A Phedrus, I by chance had brought,
Serv'd to amuse the vacant thought.
Then to translate him I began;
And the work easily went on.

A.

To publish then, is to declare
You think they worth attention are.
What solace they afforded you,
Your readers will not care a sous.
And when these fables you translate
Do you their wisdom imitate?

B.

Who, I? O pray let me alone,
A man unknowing and unknown.

A.

Not so unknown as you desire.
Though you may out of sight retire,
Malice will not be cheated so;
She can pursue where'er we go.
Under this simple modest guise
Do you then think yourself grown wise?

B.

My friend, a man at sixty-three,
Will neither vain nor modest be.
For vanity, unless a fool,
Self-knowledge is an ample school;
And what we of most others see,
Gives no great cause for modesty.

A.

Cause to be vain, I must confess,
I think few persons can have less.
In parts perhaps not wanting, who
Has been less provident than you?
More idly lavish, and profuse,
In matters of no earthly use?
Or weaker complaisance has shown
For others' follies or your own?
Now a philosopher you'd be,
Compell'd by sad necessity;
And levities morosely blame,
Because your mind's no more the same.

B.

No; from such malice I am free;
I no man judge, let none judge me.
If, like Stertinus, I maintain,
That all are more or less insane;
With bedlam I no war declare,
Content to take things as they are.

A.

That is, you others' faults forgive,
That yours a pardon may receive!
This may be christian-like indeed,
But with the world will ne'er succeed;

To follies, take it for a rule,
None less indulgent than a fool;
And none small vices pardon less,
Than they most guilty of excess.
Condemn'd to live a poor recluse,
Neither of ornament or use,
Had you, what fortune gave, preserv'd,
Your friends, your king, you might have serv
A peerage or a ribbon gain'd,
Or a rich sinecure obtain'd.

B.

And lingering still upon the town,
A veteran in folly grown,
My superannuated face
Had wearied every public place!
From politics to keep aloof,
Rather of wisdom seems a proof;
Was Pitt, with all his parts, more sage,
To rule the land who would engage,
And perish'd of despair alone,
To see the mischiefs he had done?
Or Fox, who dying sigh'd to find
The hopeless folly of mankind?

A.

My worthy friend, I never said,
You should first minister be made.

B.

Nor was it ever in my head.
I like to sleep when I'm in bed.
The best of things in life I find,
A conscience clear and tranquil mind;
Too little good I may have done;
But wittingly have injur'd none;
Offences readily forgive,
And none alone can better live.

A.

If you're contented, be it so;
But you'll have much ado to show,
With a few hundred pounds a-year,
And not a slave or flatterer near,
As good as Verres's your state,
Fat ven'son who can eat on plate.

B.

Ven'son and plate are splendid things,
When gilded by the smiles of kings.
But if the appetite be good,
A man may dine from dish of wood.
The gout or gravel more I dread,
Than not on turtle to be fed,
Or burgundy and hock to quaff;
While o'er my modest meal I laugh,

More heartily perhaps, than they
Who feed on pheasants and tokay.
At liberty, from troubles clear,
My boat I make a shift to steer;
And on the loftiest deck who rides
Triumphant on the swelling tides,
With all his flags and streamers out,
When the winds change must veer about;
Nor can he run into the creek,
Where from the storm I shelter seek.

A.

All this in verse sounds mighty well;
But Ovid in distress could tell,
That never yet a sunshine friend,
Did on a lost estate attend.

B.

Such sunshine friends I can resign,
And never for the loss repine,
But sure another side there is,
Less dark and comfortless than this.
If we learn little to expect,
The best that offers to select,
And patiently to bear with ill,
Existence is a blessing still.
The joys so fondly we regret,
The griefs we wish not to forget,

The loves and pleasures that are flown,
Prove that these joys were once our own.
And the declining eve of age
Is not unwelcome to the sage.
Like summer seas, the tranquil breast,
From passion's maddening storms at rest,
With face unruffled and serene,
Reflects the beauties of the scene.
Long hopes no more to entertain,
Possess'd, that rarely pay the pain;
Still, in this short uncertain span,
To do the little good we can;
Innocuous, to pass along,
Contending little with the throng;
Bounding the passions and desires
To what our natural state requires.

O happiest of the happy he,
Fav'rite of fate, who like a tree,
On the cool water's verdant side,
Stands of his native fields the pride,
Free from factitious hopes and fears,
Life's real ills alone he bears;
A faithful and obedient wife,
The friend and partner of his life;
And mother of a blooming race,
Brought up in honesty and grace.

E'en things inanimate, around,
Dear to some sociate memory found;
Dear the known fields, and dear the grove,
The witness of his only love;
The aisles, his parent's bones that keep;
And where his own will shortly sleep.
With mind at peace, and body strong,
Years glide with even pace along;
And when he, much lamented, dies,
Another self his place supplies.

END OF THE SATIRES.

NOTES.

NOTES.

VOLUME FIRST.

PHEDRUS.

BOOK I.

FABLE III.—Horace alludes to this fable. (*Epist. L.* 1. *Ep. XVII.*)

Fab. V.—*Took other beasts.*] In the original, a *cow*, a *she-goat* and *a sheep*: Strange hunting-companions for a lion.

Fab. VI.—If, as the commentators suppose, Phedrus alluded, in the second fable, to the tyranny of Tiberius, and in this to the marriage of Sejanus with Livia, the sister of Germanicus, it is not surprising that he should have been persecuted. (*See Tacit. Ann. IV.* 3. *et* 40.)

Fab. VII.—*a painted head, persona,*] from *personare* to resound; a mask which covered the

whole head, used by the tragic actor to increase the voice, for the immoderate size of the ancient theatres.

....*without brains*, "sensum communem abstulit."] So Syrus:

"Fortuna nimium quem fovet, stultum facit."

Whom fortune cockers much, she makes a fool.

And Juvenal:

"Hæc satis ad juvenem quem nobis fama superbum
Tradit, et inflatum plerumque Nerone propinquo.
Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa
Fortuna."

The flatter'd youth, who boasts his high degree,
With common sense how rarely do we see?

Fab. VIII.—*ungrateful*, *ingrata*.] Pleasantly applied.

Fab. X.—Literally: You, Wolf, do not seem to have lost any thing; and you, Fox, I suspect of the robbery you are charged with. A palpable contradiction, in which, according to Lafontaine, the point of the fable consists: That notorious rogues are to be condemned upon their reputation, even against probability.

Arguebat—esse culpam proximam—perorare causam]—law terms.

Fab. XII.—Father Brotier compares this fable with that of Apuleius on the same subject; as an example of the degenerated taste in a century and half.—(*Apul. Florid. XIII.*)

Fab. XIV.—*Ignoto loco, in a place where he was not known.*] But this seems inconsistent with the reproach to the people for trusting their health to a man whom they dared not trust with the mending of their shoes.

Rex urbis.] Mayor, bailiff, provost.

The antithesis between *capita* and *pedes* does not hold in English.

Fab. XV.—This fable, though true as a general maxim, "That the change of masters is commonly of little importance to the people," has a dangerous application in the hands of faction. And, as it is here narrated, how could the shepherd answer that the burthens of the ass would not be increased? He might have replied, "At present you are loaded with no more than you can bear with reasonable facility; but this may not be the case if you suffer yourself to be taken by these marauders." Then the fable might stand thus, to inculcate another vulgar proverb: that the bad we know is better than the bad we do not know.

When factious nations change their master,
They often fall in worse disaster.

As an old Shepherd fed his Ass,
He saw marauding soldiers pass.
And thus his animal address'd:
"'Tis time to fly; come, come, make haste!"
The patient beast says, "think you, pray,
Two loads upon me they will lay?"
The man replies, "I cannot say.

But if no more is ask'd of you
Now, than you easily can do,
And something worse you wish to shun,
You'd better not the hazard run."

Fab. XVI.—*The De'el won't find you, ubi vos requiram?*] So Plautus (*in Pers:*):

Argentum accepit, abiit; quid ego nunc scio,
An jam asseratur hac manu? Quo illam sequar?

Rapere atque abire, to the Wolf; and *fugere veloci impetu*, to the Stag, are well applied.

A modern French editor of Esopean fables, Gail, objects that the stag is not a deceitful animal. But Phedrus wanted here not a knave but a runaway.—The stag is the spendthrift, and the wolf the Jew broker.

Fab. XVII.—Perjury was supposed by the ancients to be a crime particularly obnoxious to the gods.

The gods have paid, a superis datur.]—The ethnical belief, as well as the jewish, was, that God punished crimes in this life.

Fab. XVIII.—This translation is a third longer than the original.

"To this, obliging Pug consents,
And with small space herself contents."

is told in three words—*hoc quoque contento*. Justin relates, that this fable was recited by one of the princes of Gaul to Comanus, the son of Nannus, on the death of his father, who had allowed the Phœni-

cians to build Marseilles, to warn him what he had to expect.

Fab. XXIII.—Damasippus applies this fable to Horace vying with Mæcenas.

" Absentis raræ pullis vituli pede pressis
Unus ubi effugit, matri denarrat, ut ingens,
Bellua cognatos eliserit. Illa rogare
Quantane? Num tandem, se inflans, sic magna fuisset?
Major dimidio. Num tanto? Cum magis atque
Se magis inflaret; non, si te ruperis, inquit
Par eris."....

While a Frog-mother was from home,
A calf into the bog had come.
Her young one said, " A mighty beast
All but himself to death had prest."
" How big was he?" the mother cried,
Trying to stretch her rivell'd hide;
" Like this?" " O no." " Is this enough?"
Straining to make another puff.—
" Mother, were you to burst," he cries,
" You never can come near the size."

Brotier recommends a comparison of this fable in Horace, Phedrus, and Lafontaine, which, I think, must be unfavourable to the latter, who has neither the pleasantry of Horace, nor the neatness of Phedrus.

" Elle qui n'etoit pas plus gros q'un œuf."

To rhyme to *bœuf*, is a botch, and the whole is but indifferent.

Fab. XXVIII.—*The weak are victims, humiles laborant.*] So Justin says, that great nations cannot contend without the ruin of their neighbours:

" Cernere si (ait Philippus) quam cruenta et sanguinaria inter se bella utrique populi, et viribus copiarum, et ducum actibus gerunt: quæ rabies finiri solo partis alterius interitu, sine ruina finitimorum non posse.—(*L.* 29. *c.* 3.)

BOOK II.

PROLOGUE.—*To imitate, morem servabo.*] This certainly seems to apply to what Esop had himself put forth.

Fab. III.—*In some foolish book.*] Not in the original; but seeming a necessary improbation of such foolish recipes.

Fab. V.—The title in Pithon's MS. is, *Item Cæsar ad Atriensem:* from which it should seem, another *bon mot* of Tiberius had been recorded by Phedrus; and the shortness of this book leads us to suppose that we have it not complete.

A busy-body race, ardelionum.] Rome, like all other great cities, was infested with tribes of these idle loungers, *familiarum numerum et nationes*, the pests of society, whose impertinent gossip does more mischief than malevolence itself. Seneca gives the following description of those of his day: "They spend their time in making visits, and haunting the theatres, the forum, and other places of public resort. If you ask one coming out of his house with precipitation where he is going? He does not know;

he shall meet somebody, and be employed about something by and by. They hunt after other men's business and neglect their own. Their life may be called a turbulent leisure. When you meet them, you would think they were escaping from a conflagration. They bow to those who do not return their salute, attend the funeral of one they did not know, and the law-suit, or marriage, of a stranger. Returned home, with superfluous lassitude, they delect themselves with their extreme usefulness, relate all they have said or done in the day, to-morrow to renew their impertinent futility."—*(Senec. de Tranquil. Anim. VI.* 12.*)* He might have added, that they are the chief propagators of lies and scandal. If the *Ardelios* of London are less petulant, they are not less despicable. For the occupation of those of Athens, Alcibiades cut off his dog's tail.

At his fine villa, Misensam villam.] Now *Capo di Miseno*, not far from Naples.

Valet, atriensis.] *A groom of the chambers*; from *atrium*, the hall or saloon; not *toparius*, whose office it would more properly have been to attend in the gardens. Bianchini records the following inscription:

ANTIOCHUS
LIVIÆ
ATRIENSIS.

(Camera ed inscrizione Sepulchrali di Liberti ed Servi et Ufficiali della casa di Augusto, p. 41.*)*

In pantaloons, linteo Peluseo.] From *Pelusium*, a maritime town of Lower Egypt, now *Thine.*

The pleasure-ground, the walks, Viridaria—xistum.] *Viridium, viridarium*, so called from being surrounded with evergreens, cut into various forms, *(Plin. Ep. L. V. 6.)* In these, the Romans had their aviaries and menageries for singing birds and curious fowls. Tiberius had a Prætorian soldier put to death for stealing a peacock out of his *viridarium. (Sueton. in Vit. Tib.) Xistum, xistus, xystus*, was a level walk, interspersed with shady seats, and bordered with flowers. Pliny, speaking of his villa, says, "Xistus ante cryptoporticum violis odoratis." *(Ep. X. 17.)* The word is derived from ξυω, to shave or level.

To jest the Emperor deigns, tum sic jocata est tanta majestas duces.] A very courtier-like phrase; and the imperial jest is, after all, but a bad one.

My boxes on the ear, alapæ.] In the ceremony of emancipating a slave, a slight box on the ear was given by the master: Hence *manumission.* Amongst our northern ancestors, claps on the back and shoulders seem to have been modes of friendly reception. They are still in use, even amongst the better sort, in Sweden; and the Swedish term, *eule clap*, for our *christmas box*, explains the meaning of the latter.

Fab. VI.—The manner of this fable seems to indicate something personal to the author.

Fab. VII.—Perotti, Archbishop of Siponto in 1458, transcribed this fable, with others, from a (probably imperfect) MS. of Phedrus. He, however, confesses the theft, in the introductory verses addressed to his brother Pyrrhus:

> "Non sunt hi mei quos putas versiculi,
> Sed Æsopi sunt et Avieni et Phædri
> Quos collegi."……

Some of Perotti's own are not in measure. Brotier recommends it as an exercise not unworthy a man of letters, to ascertain the depredations of the Latin writers of the fifteenth century, from ancient MSS. many of which, it is to be feared, they afterwards destroyed. However this may be, this confession of Perotti destroys the argument employed by De Thou, to disprove the imputation against Faernus of having stolen from Phedrus.

Fab. VIII.—In this *mixed* fable the beasts have greatly the advantage over the men. The innocent stag is violently chased from his native woods. He takes refuge amongst the oxen, who allow him to share their food and lodging, and promise not to betray him. Then come the servants, lazy and good-for-nothing; and, at last, the master, in violation of all the laws of hospitality, kills and devours him. The human animals shew by far the least humanity.

Epilogue. Esop's statue.] Some of the copies have, instead of *ingenio, ingentem;* larger than life.

From worth, not family, nec generi sed virtuti.] A good armorial motto, for who dares take it.

BOOK III.

Prologue to Eutychus.] Probably the same whose monument was found in the sepulchre of the domestics of Augustus, with this inscription:

C. JULI. EUTYCHI.
ET. QUINTILLICÆS. DURÆS.
IMMUNIUM.
(Bianchini, ut supra.)

Mnemosyne.] Plutarch gives the reason why *Mnemosyne* is called the parent of the Muses (περὶ παιδ. ἀγωγ.)

Whatever may betide.] This expression of Sinon, in his lying narrative to Priam, had become proverbial.

"Cuncta equidem tibi Rex fuerint quæcumque fatebor,
Vera inquit," &c.—*(Virg. Æneid.)*

In the translation of this prologue, somewhat more freedom has been used, as the Latin seems to convey an absurdity.

Fab. I.—*Testa nobili, sealed in a consulate remarkable for a good vintage.*] One of the most famous was that of Opimius, 121 years before Christ; some of which remained, as we learn from Pliny, to the time of Caligula. He says, a cask or pitcher, containing twenty-eight quarts, sold for a sum not quite equal to five pounds of our currency, which is hardly credible.

Who know me.] Phedrus was old when he wrote his fables; fables and maxims seem suited to old men.

Fab. VI.—*Fruere quæ laudas canis* (omitted in the translation) is excellent; as is the whole fable.

Fab. VII.—Brotier thinks this fable is illustrated by two paintings found in the ruins of Herculaneum. In one of them a dove, and in the other a helmet, are placed on chairs, and boys at play about each. (*Pitture Antichi d'Ercolano, T.* 1. *Tab. XXIII.*) I confess I do not perceive the illustration.

Fab. VIII.—*The name of friend.*]

"Vulgare amici nomen, sed rara est fides,"

has been a complaint in all ages. He who has persisted in a solid stable friendship may be estimated as a rare man, and almost as divine: In any age, scarcely three or four are to be cited. (*De Amic. L.* 4. *c.* 18.)

Fab. IX.—*The manly gown, togam puram.*] A Roman citizen, when he entered into his seventeenth year, quitted the *prætexta*, and took the *toga*. The *prætexta* was bordered with purple; the *toga* was simple, without any border, and was therefore called *pura, plain.*

Of a man perceives the head, sentit intonsum.] When youths quitted the prætexta, their hair was cut short, and dedicated to the gods in a religious ceremony. (*Martial, Lib. IX. Ep.* 37.)

It is a remarkable circumstance, that the hair seems to have been considered as sacred amongst the Jews, the Gentiles, and, even to the present time, amongst the Roman Catholics. The convenience of cutting the hair short, on the entrance into active life, was probably the origin of this superstition; and the priests of all religions have possessed themselves of the different epochas of life; birth, puberty, marriage, death, &c.

Centumviri.] One hundred and five persons chosen from the thirty-five tribes, to try causes, *(Plin. CLXXX.)* over whom the prætor presided. They met in the Julian temple, and tried only private suits, *(Cic.)* When, from the intricacy of the cause, they could neither absolve nor condemn, their sentence was *non liquet, it is not clear. (Aul. Gell. XV.* 2.)

Fab. XI.—Brotier's alteration has been adopted.

Fables XII, XIII.—Seem personal to himself.

Fab. XIV.—Suetonius, in his life of Augustus, relates, that he would relax his mind with fishing, and even with playing at marbles with his children; to which the commentators suppose this fable to allude.

Burmann thinks this fable was addressed to mothers who sent their children to nurse. *(Aul. Gell. Lib. XII.* 1.)

Or black or white, niger aut albus.] A proverbial expression, well applied.

Fab. XV. The cruelty and injustice of this fable has been remarked in the preface.

Fab. XVI. *Phebus the bay.*] The transformation of Daphne into a bay-tree, and its consecration to poetry are well known.

The oak was Jove's.] The groves of oak, consecrated to Jupiter at Dodona, rendered oracles when agitated by the wind.

The myrtle ;] Either because Venus rising from the sea *(anadymene)* was concealed in a grove of myrtles ; or because one of her priests, Myreno, was changed into a myrtle ; or from the elegance of the plant.

The poplar tree Alcides ;] Because when Hercules descended into hell, he crowned himself with a garland from the poplars which grew on the banks of the Acheron.

The pine, Cybele,] *Cybelæ*, κυβήβη, the parent of the gods. Her minion, Atys, was changed into a pine. Virgil says,

> " Populus Alcidæ gratissima, vitis Iaccho,
> Formosæ Veneri myrtus, sua laurea Phœbo." (*Eclog.* 7.)
>
> Venus the myrtle, Bacchus loves the vine,
> The poplar Hercules, and Sol the bay.

This fable Faernus has inserted in those that go under his name, with very slight alteration.

Epilogue.] This epilogue has been placed at the end of the fourth book ; but this is its proper place. It is plainly addressed to the same Eutychus to whom the book is dedicated.

The promised boon—admits of no delay,
Præmium ut reddas—et mors vicina.
Phedrus was poor and old.

BOOK IV.

Gipsies, gatti, Cybeles; otherwise called *curetes* and *corybantes.*] Miserable mendicant priests of Cybele, who went about telling fortunes with an ass and a drum. There is a very elegant Greek version of this fable amongst the remains of Babrius. (See *Mythol. Æsop. Nevelet. notæ in Phed.* L. iv.)

Fab. III.—The modern French editors object that grapes are not the food of foxes. Hasselquist however gives an account that, in Palestine, they are obliged to protect their vineyards from the foxes; and in the song of Solomon, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, for our vines have tender grapes." This might lead to suppose that this fable was originally oriental.

Fab. IV.—Horace has this fable:

Cervus equum pugnâ melior communibus herbis
Pellebat, donec minor in certamine longo
Imploravit opes hominis, frænum que recepit:
Sed, postquam victor violens discessit ab hoste,
Non equitem dorso, non frænum depulit ore.

A Stag had forced a Horse to yield,
And chased him from their common field.
The beaten animal, enraged,
A man to take his part engaged;

Allowed him on his back to sit,
And in his mouth to place a bit;
The horse paid dear; his battle gain'd,
Saddled and bridled he remain'd.

Fab. V.—*The silver bath.*] Pliny says, the fine ladies of his time disdained to bathe in any thing but silver. (L. xxx. 11.)

Fab. VII.—*Why Pallas.*] Jason built his ship by the inspiration of Minerva, (*Apol. Argon.* 1. 18. 111. 340.)

Euxine's inhospitable shore.] The *Euxine sea;* formerly called *axenos*, *deadly*, from the ferocity of the inhabitants on its shores, as well as from its storms. (*Strabo.*)

Veil'd the Eetian climes.] Eetes king of Colchis, mourned the loss of the golden fleece, which his daughter Medea had assisted Jason to carry away.

A brother's life.] When Medea fled with Jason, being pursued and overtaken by Eetes, she dissected and scattered the limbs of her brother Absyrtus, and escaped, while Eetes stopt to gather them up. (*Ovid Trist.* iii. ix. 33.—*Cic. pro leg. Mant. c.* 9.) Ovid says that the town of Tomos, the seat of his banishment, took its name from being the scene of this event, from τομὴ *incisio.*

Daughters, the Peliades:] of whom the well known story of their boiling their grandfather Eson to death, in hopes of restoring him to youth, is told in Ovid's Metamorphoses, (L. vii. 297.)

Minos long before.] "Minos, in very ancient times, built a fleet, possessed himself of the Ciclades, and cleared those seas of pirates." (*Thucidyd. l.* 4.) Here Phedrus makes a display of his erudition; for the common tradition of the poets reckoned Jason the first navigator of those seas.

Nam rate, quæ cura pugnacis facta Minervæ,
Per non tentatas prima, cucurrit aquas.
(*Ov. Trist.* iii. *E. ix. Lucan.* iii. 195.)

Fab. IX.] Both the story of this fable, and the moral it inculcates, are, it must be confessed, very bad.

Fab. X.—*Two sacks, peras:*] sacks which were balanced on the shoulder, so that one hung before and the other behind; which had given rise to a proverb, *mantica in terga.* (*Catull.* xxii. 2.—*Horat. L. c.* 11. *s.* 111.) Persius says,

"Aliena vitia in oculis habemus à tergo nostra sunt."

Other mens' faults before our eyes we have,
Our own behind.—(L. iv. 24.)

Fab. XI.—The commentators blame this fable for want of unity of moral. The tendency of it seems to be, to inculcate the favourite doctrine of the ethnics—that the gods inflict punishment in this life on those who have offended them.

Retributed fate.] *Fatorum dicto tempore;* at the *time marked by the Destinies;* over whom the gods themselves had no power:

"Ni Dii immortales fata ipsa flexissent.
(*Ovid Trist.* iii. viii. 15.—*Cic. Catilin.* iii. 8.)

Fab. XII.]—Not inaplicable to the present times. The title of it in MSS. *Pith. and Rem.* is, *Malas esse divitias. Cuncta corrumpit lucro* is worthy of Juvenal.

Fab. XIII.]—This fable was found truncated from the eighth line. It has been finished by various hands, partly invented, and partly from a fable on the same subject in the collection of Camerarius. (*Romul. Fab. Æsop. L.* iii. *f.* 37. *Phæd. Schwaabe, V.* ii. *p.* 654.) I have thought myself at liberty to give it a different conclusion.

Fab. XV.—This strange story, from which I do not see that any moral lesson can be drawn, unless it is meant to signify that foolish governments send foolish ambassadors, alludes probably to something then understood, after which it would now be in vain to inquire.

Fab. XVIII.]—The ancients had a superstitious belief, that dragons were the guardians of hidden treasures; as of the golden fleece, the Hesperian apples, &c. The wakefulness of the dragon is frequently alluded to by the old poets.

But here to cunning bid adieu.]—Not in the original; the ancients, as has been already observed, confining the punishment of the wicked to this world. Lafontaine has a fable on this subject which Brotier calls *egregiam**; but, though much extended, I think it is inferior to this of Phedrus, of which one of the

* L. 7. F. xxvii. Le Loup et le Chasseur.

commentators says justly, " Mirificè placet elegantissima avari pictura; singulis ferè verbis inest vis plane singularis."

Fab. XIX. *Envy.*] Phedrus is full of complaints of the malignancy of envy. Such complaints are useless.

Fab. XX.] Of the time in which Simonides lived, the learned are not agreed. His lyric poems were in high estimation. (*Cic. de Orat.* ii. 86. *Quintil.* L. x. *c.* 6. L. xi. *c.* 2.) Some beautiful fragments inspire regret for their loss. What Phedrus here relates of Simonides, is told by others of Aristippus *. To his tale, of whom Vitruvius adds, that the possessions of a wise man ought to consist of those things which should he suffer shipwreck will swim with him to shore; for that only can be truly called our own, which neither the storms of adversity, nor the mutability of human affairs, nor the devastations of war can take away. " Ejusmodi possessiones et viatica liberis oportere parari, quæ etiam e naufragio, una possent enatare; namque ea vera præsidia sunt vitæ quibus neque fortunæ tempestas iniqua, neque publicarum rerum mutatio, neque belli vastatio potest nocere †."

Singing for money.] It was not disgraceful amongst the Greeks for poets to receive a price from those whose praises they sung. And why should it, more than lawyers, physicians, &c. ?

* Galen in Præf. Art. L. ii. † Vitruvius, Præf. L. vi.

Cea, or *Ceos*, an island in the Egean sea, now *Zia*.

Clazomene.] A city of Ionia, now *Vourla*.

I carry every thing, omnia mea mecum porto ;] attributed by Cicero to Bios.

Fab. XXI.]—Tachos, king of Egypt, insulted Agesilaus, who was of a mean figure, with this apologue: "The mountain was in labour, Jupiter alarmed, and out comes a mouse." The reply of Agesilaus was vigorous. "I shall presently appear a lion."

A wrestler, pycta,] *pyctes*, πυκτης, a boxer, from πυξ a fist. The person was Scopas, of a noble family mentioned by Theocritus. (*Idill.* 17.)

Retired to work, secretum petit.]

"Carmina recessum scribentis et otia quærunt."

Poets to leisure and retirement fly.

(*Ovid. Trist.* i. 1. 41.)

Cicero, who tells this Greek legendary tale, says, that from Simonides's recollection of the exact situation in which each guest was placed at the table, he ascertained the body of each, though crushed into a mass from the fall of the building.

BOOK V.

PROLOGUE.—*Scopas.*] A celebrated sculptor. (*Hor. Carm.* iv. 8. 6.)

Praxiteles.] Another famous statuary, (*Plin.* 36. 5.)

"Praxitelem propria vindicat arte lapis." (*Propert.* 3. 9. 16.)

Zeuxis was the greatest painter of his time. He made an immense fortune. (*Plin.* 35, 9.)

Myro, remarkable for the beauty of his cups and vases. (*Plin. Hist. Nat.* xxxiv. 9. xxxvi. 1.) There is an epigram in *the Anthologia* on a beautiful cow of his sculpture.

Nothing can be more ingenious than Bentley's emendation of this corrupted passage. Thus it stood in the MSS.

> " Qui pretium operibus majus inveniunt, novo
> Si marmori adscripserunt Praxitelen, suo
> Detrito. Myronem argento. Fabulæ exaudiant
> Adeo fugatæ."—

Without sense or measure. For *suo detrito*, he substitutes *Scopam æri;* and led by this happy conjecture, changes *Fabulæ* into *tabulæ;* the nonsensical word *exaudiant* into *Zeuxidam*, and *fugatæ* into *fucatæ*, and thus makes good verse and elegant sense of this unintelligible passage. His emendation is well supported by an epigram of Martial.

> " Argenti genus omne comparasti,
> Et solus veteres Myronis artes
> Solus Praxiteles manus, Scopæque,
> Solus Phidiasi toreuma cœli,
> Solus Mentoreos habes labores," &c.

The epigram is not translatable into English, as the point runs on the double signification of the word *purus*, plain, unornamented, when applied to works of art; and *pure*, *spotless*, when it relates to manners and character. Hare, the rival of Bentley,

admires the ingenuity of this emendation, which he does not however admit; and adds, with a sneer, that he should have gone on and substituted *Phidiam ebori* for *adeo fugatæ*. Brotier has adopted it, with strong expressions of admiration.

VOLUME SECOND.

Fab. I.—*Demetrius Phalereus* attained to the tyranny of Athens 318 before Christ, and held it ten years. Such was the adulation of the Athenians, that they erected 360 of his statues, which, when he was dead, they destroyed; a picture of popular favour! His government is praised by Cicero, (*de Leg.* iii. 6. *de Fin.* v. 19.) by Diog. Laertius (v. 75.), and many others. Strabo says, he not only maintained the democracy, but improved it.

As is their way, Ut mos est vulgi.] The description of a recently subjugated populace is finely touched in the original.

Menander] was the most celebrated writer of the new Greek comedy. He excelled in his love scenes.

"Fabula jucundi nulla est sine amore Menandri."
(*Ovid. Trist.* ii. 3. 69.)

Menander's pleasing strain still tells of love.

Suidas says he was *insanus mulierum amator*. He wrote 188 comedies, besides other works. Terence translated some of them.

In flowing vest, vestitu adfluens.] Horace thus ridicules one Menas, an impertinent freedman of Pompey, on the same account.

"Licèt superbus ambules pecunia
Fortuna non mutat genus.
Videsne sacram metiente te viam
Cum bis ter ulnarum togâ
Ut ora vertat huc et huc euntium
Liberrima indignatio?"—(*Hor. Ep.* iv.)

Go, purse-proud, swelling in the pomp of wealth,
Thy fortune alter'd, but unchang'd thyself;
Go, o'er the *via sacra* sweeping sail
With twice three yards of toga at thy tail,
And see, wherever thou shalt turn thy view,
Scorn unrestrain'd thy impudence pursue.

Fab. II.—This fable was deficient in the MSS. The two first and half of the third lines are supplied from Perotti, and are, observes Brotier, worthy of Phedrus.

Fab. V.—Plutarch has the same story. One Parmenio, he says, was famed for imitating the voice of a pig, in which he had several rivals; but the cry was, "this is nothing to Parmenio's pig," which had become a proverb. He introduces this tale to support a very profound reflection, that to receive real pleasure from the imitative arts, the mind should be prepossessed with the skill of the artist: which may account for the rare and late success of living

artists on a principle less odious than envy; rather at the expence of men's judgments than their benevolence.

Fab. VIII.—*Prince, Princeps.*] Fortunately this proper name, on which the jest turns, is convertible in other languages. This name is also found amongst the monuments of the servants of Augustus. *(Bianchini ut supra, p.* 89.*)*

Apuleius speaks of a piper of the name of Antigenidus, in his quaint style: "The most melifluous modulator of all vocality. A modificator equally skilful in every mode; in the simple Colean, the varied Asiatic, the querulous Lydian, the religious Phrygian, or the warlike Dorian."

Bathyllus.] A freedman of Mecenas, an excellent pantomimical dancer. *(Persius, L.* iv. 123.*)*

Thy prince restored.] Nine years before Christ, votive games were celebrated on the recovery of Augustus's health. The medals which were struck on this occasion are still extant.

This story is told with much spirit, and with some curious circumstances, omitted in the translation.

Demisso aulæo.] *The curtain drawn up*, we should say; but in the ancient theatres the curtain was at the back of the stage: it is, therefore, *the curtain being let down. Pegma, a drop scene.*

Devolutis tonitribus; the thunders having rolled.] Claudius Pulcher, in his splendid edileship,

in the year of Rome 685, produced a new sort of thunder, much superior to that before in use.

Dii sunt locuti more translatitio, the Gods having discoursed in the accustomed manner.]—It was common to introduce a conversation of the gods in the beginning of a piece. Plautus introduced them in comedy; as Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides had in their tragedies. Horace says,

"Intererit multum divusne loquatur an heros."—*(Fab.* viii.*)*

Opportunity described.—This is a blunder. The title should be Time, *Tempus.*

Alexander complaining of the rapid motion of time, Lysippus described it in a statue, (*Izet.* x. 322.) on which statue Posedippus wrote the following epigram.

"Who art thou? Opportunity.—Who made thee?
Lysippus.—Whence is he? Of Sycone.—
On tiptoe why? Because I love to run.—
Why wing'd thy feet? To walk upon the winds.—
Why in thy hand a scythe? To mow down all.—
Why on thy front one lock? That thou mayst seize it.—
Why art thou bald behind? That is to shew thee
None can lay hold on me when once departed.
This work the sculptor made to stand in view,
A constant warning not to lose occasion."

(Antholog. iv. 14.*)*

Page 41.—To the fable of *The Fox and the Hedgehog*, should be added the following:

Esop by this the Samians taught,
To change their state would be a fault,

And take a hungry tribe instead
Of one with wealth already fed.

APPENDIX.

The five fables discovered by Marquardus Gudius at Dijon are not inelegant; but Brotier thinks they have not the *concinnity* and *lepidity* for which Phedrus is so remarkable.

FABLES FROM AVIENUS.

"If you inquire who this Avienus was," says Neveletus, "I find nothing satisfactory to answer. There certainly was a person of this name who wrote several things in verse, and who is supposed to have lived in the time of Theodosius the younger; but we dare not venture to pronounce that this is the same. To these fables, indeed, is prefixed a prose address to Theodosius; but the authenticity of this preface is doubtful; for it is neither in the Palatine

MSS. nor in the older editions. Servius * says they were Virgilian fables which Avienus wrote, very different from Esopean. So that the probability is, that this Avienus and the author of these fables are different persons†." However this may be, his fables, in which he has followed Esop, indicate no mean talent.

FABLES FROM THE GREEK AND LATIN.

These Fables are taken indifferently from the various collections in Greek and Latin, which bear the General title of *Esop's Fables.*

Those in Latin, except Phedrus, and perhaps Avienus, are of the lower ages, many of them by the Italians of the 15th century.

In Neveletus's collection (which is the best,) after the forty-two fables of Avienus in elegiac verse, come sixty, by an anonymous author, in the same measure. The contrast between the natural simplicity of Phedrus, and the quaint conceited style of the *cinquecentesti*, cannot be better exemplified than by comparing the two following fables, the first

* Æneid X.

† Nevelet. Mythol. Æsop. Notæ in Avien.

from Phedrus, the other from the anonymous author above mentioned.

VULPIS ET CICONIA *.

Nulli nocendum : si quis vero læserit,
Multandum, simili jure, fabella ammonet.
Vulpis ad cænam dicitur ciconiam
Prior invitasse, et ei liquidam in patera
Possuisse sorbitionem, quam nullo modo
Gustare esuriens potuerit ciconia:
Quæ vulpem cum révocasset, in trito cibo
Plenam lagenam posuit rostrum inserens
Satiatur ipsa et torquet convivam fame :
Quæ cum lagenæ frustra collum lamberet,
Peregrinam sic locutam voluerem accepimus;
Sua quisque exempla debet æquo animo pati.

DE VULPE ET CICONIA.

Vulpe vocante venit, speratque ciconia cœnam.
Fallit avem liquidus vulpe vocante cibus.
Dum bibit illa cibos, solum bibit illa dolorem.
Hic dolor in vulpem fabricat arma doli.
Sunt pauci mora parva dies, avis inquit, habemus
Fercula quæ sapiunt, dulcis amica veni.
Hæc venit ; hæc vitreo vase bona fercula condit,
At solum recipit formula vasis avem
Laudat opes oculo vasis nitor ; has negatori
Formula ; sic geminant visus odorque famem.
Sic vulpes jejuna redit, sic fallitur audens
Fallere ; sic astu læditur ipsa suo.
Quod tibi non faceres alii fecisse caveto.
Vulnera non facias quæ potes ipse pati.

* See Vol. I. Fable XXV. p. 25.

THE FOX AND THE CRANE.

The Crane (the Fox inviting) hoped to sup.
The inviting Fox lapt it, all liquid, up.
The Fox the supper drank, the Crane drank sorrow.
But Fox had taught the Crane to cheat to-morrow.
" Next day," says Crane, " dear friend come sup with me
I've something excellent, as you shall see."
He came; the thing so excellent, conceal'd
In a glass vase, to nose and eyes reveal'd
Its narrow shape admits the bird alone.
The dainties to the longing sight are shown,
But to the lips refused; and hunger doubled
By sight and odour, crafty Reynard bubbled,
Fasting returns; and he so bold to cheat
Is cheated with his own retorted feat.
Men, as you'd treated be, to treat take care,
Nor wounds inflict you know not how to bear.

Fab. XV.—*The Peasant of the Danube.*] This singular story is most pointedly applicable at this moment to the proceedings of the French.

Fab. XLIX.—*The boy and the whistle.*] From a story told by Dr Franklin.

Fab. LI. *The Traveller.*] This is taken from a passage in Aristotle. You may, he says, either call the evening the old age of the day, or old age the bedtime of life.

Fab. LIV. *The old admiral.*] This anecdote is related of the late excellent admiral Barrington.

Fab. LVII. *Cupid and the Bee.*] From an Idyllium of Theocritus.

Fab. LVIII. *Amore fugitivo.*] The original in Greek is attributed to Moschus. This is imitated from Tasso.

Lorenzo Bevilaqua, who, according to the fashion of those times, called himself *Abstemius*, published 199 fables in prose, many of which are rather short stories; and, like those of Poggio and others of that date, are stuffed with obscenities and scoffs at religion. Those of Gabriel Faerno, and the Jesuit Desbillons, both in Latin verse, are much more elegant. Some fables are translated or imitated from these.

The *Fables from the Moderns* are selected from the French of La Mothe, Nivernois, St Lambert, Florian, &c. and fourteen are imitated from Lafontaine. The rest are from the German of Gellart, Lessing, Nicolai, &c. some from the Italian and Spanish, &c. and about thirty-two are new.

THE END.

Printed by G. Ramsay & Co.
Edinburgh, 1809.

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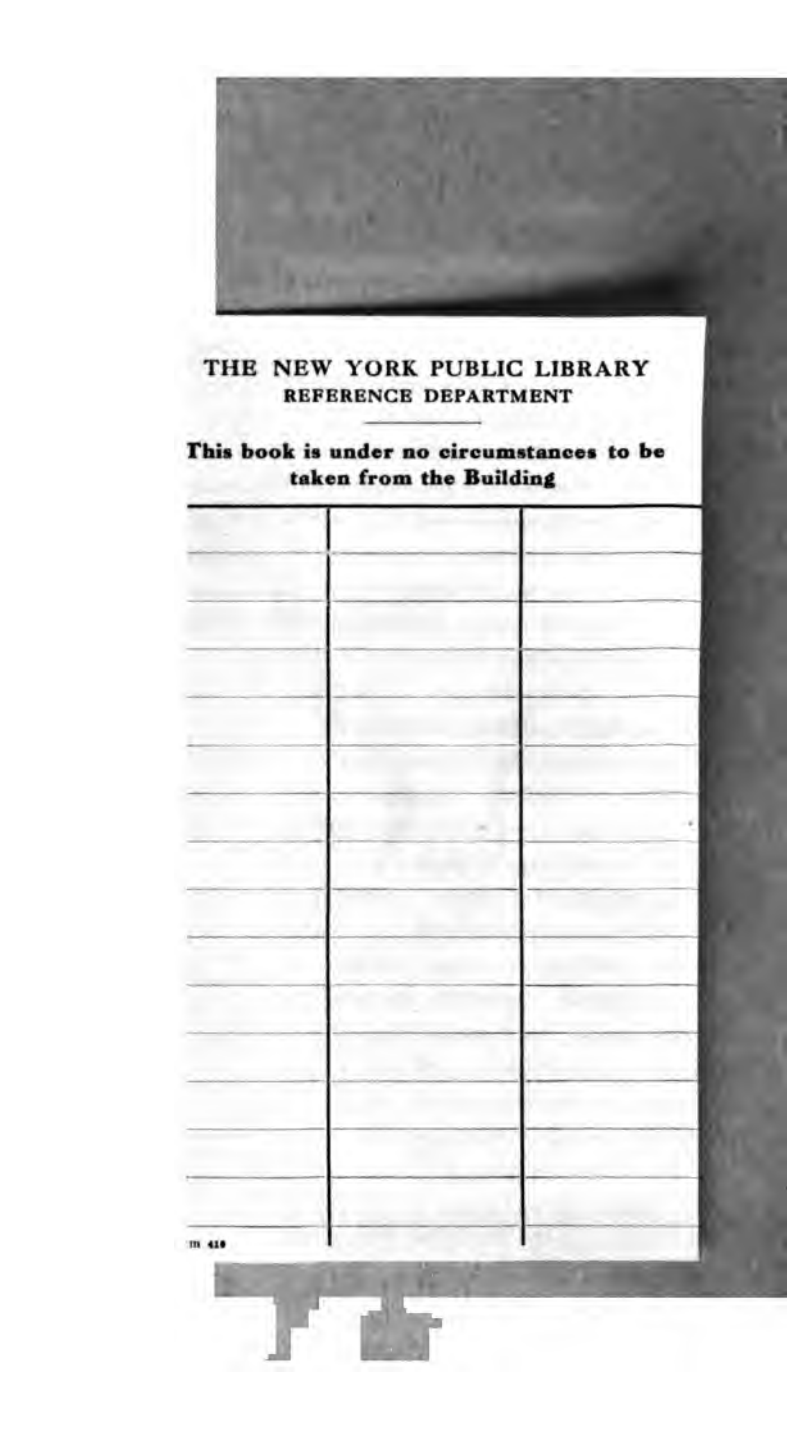
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